

# The Sketch

No. 1288.—Vol. C.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1917.

SEVENPENCE.



GARGOYLES IN FOR A GOOD TIME: MISS HILDA MOORE, THE COUNTESS WALESKI OF "THREE WEEKS,"  
AT THE STRAND.

There must be a pleasant flutter among the gargoyles on our cathedrals, now that, as seen above, one of their kind has been admitted to the photographer's studio, to succeed pet dogs and Oriental idols as "sitting" partner in portraits of leading actresses. Miss Hilda Moore, who thus inaugurates a new camera vogue, takes the part of Countess Waleski in "Three Weeks," at the Strand

Theatre. Her scenes with Mr. Whitworth Jones, as a cosmopolitan prince of frivolous propensities, are very entertaining. The part of the Queen's English lover, by the way, was recently assumed by Mr. Basil Gill, who has thus taken the place of Mr. Barry Baxter. It is also being played at certain matinées by Mr. Edgar Middleton.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

### "No Work— No Sugar!"

I learn that an idea is on foot which may bring consternation to the happy band of ladies who applaud soldiers, and clap hands at sailors, and rave over the heroism of hospital nurses, and bless the dear munition-workers, but do nothing else towards squelching the miserable Hun. It is a neat idea, and a simple withal. The pretty prattlers are to be docked of their sugar!

How is it to be done? Oh, that is simplicity itself. When you fill up your sugar-card, you have to state your occupation. And you must state it truthfully, or you will find yourself in very great trouble. Driving wounded soldiers round the Park for one hour once a fortnight will not entitle you to rank as an earnest war-worker. Buying seats for charity performances, or using tickets that others have bought and presented to you, will not allow you to wear the sweet, patient, tired face of a modern Florence Nightingale. Facts will be sifted, and facts are horrible things.

Then will come the verdict: No Work—no Sugar! Think what it means—NO SUGAR! No sweets; no chocolates; no afternoon tea; no cakes; no jam! The workers will have sweets in moderation—the workers will, indeed, have all the more; the drones, who are using the war as an excuse for extra jollifications, will have none! The sugar-card will be inspected at the restaurant, and the gaudy drone will buzz empty away.

Yes, it is a neat thought, a pretty thought—a thought that will brighten the homes of the unselfish these bitter days.

### The Divorce Club.

Another idea of the moment that is not so good—indeed, I am inclined to think it hopelessly bad—is the idea of the Divorce Club. That is to say, you would pay your money, week by week or month by month, into a common fund, and you would then have the right to call upon this fund when you felt inclined to get a divorce.

As I say, I think this notion a bad one. There are some people who cannot tolerate the idea of paying in money and taking nothing in exchange. There is a certain type of man who will rejoice in breaking his leg because he is insured against accidents, and is now getting something out of the insurance office. He cannot see that the only form of insurance worth while is to insure against something that you hope will never happen. And yet there are many people who, having insured their lives, rather hope to score off the insurance people by dying prematurely.

The Divorce Club would encourage others besides the merely parsimonious. The young wife with a hasty temper would never cease from reminding her husband that the Club, at a moment's notice, will see her through. Divorce is not a thing to be encouraged, but to be discouraged. Discourage marriage, if you feel that way; but never encourage divorce. Most couples can be as happy together as they would be with other mates. All this dashing about in

search of the ideal mate is the sheerest nonsense. Any person who ever finds the ideal mate will perish of boredom within a year.

### Case of the Officer's Wife.

In the meantime, nothing is being done to help the soldier or the sailor who wants to spend his few days, or weeks, or months in England with his wife. An officer is bound to travel first-class, for instance; if he wishes his wife to accompany him, he must pay first-class for the privilege. There is no concession for the wife; he must pay the full fare for her, with the present fifty per cent. added.

This seems, if you think of it, pretty hard on the young officer who is dependent, or mainly dependent, on his pay. He cannot

allow his wife to travel third-class whilst he travels first; at the same time, he cannot afford two or three pounds for a first-class ticket for his wife. So, in thousands of cases, she stays behind.

Then there is the hotel question. An officer gets special terms at most hotels, but officers' wives are not invariably received on the same basis. Why not? She is giving up for her country almost everything she possesses; why should she not be as welcome in a hotel as her soldier-husband? The poor dear does not, as a rule, eat her head off; if the husband is on the eve of departure, she is scarcely in the mood to devour an unconscionable quantity of food. And her little feet, though they may drag somewhat, leave but small traces on the carpets.

I commend the question to hotel-keepers the country over. Or, failing them, to those in authority.



MARRIED ON OCT. 2: THE HON. CYNTHIA CADOGAN.

At the Brompton Oratory, on Tuesday, the Hon. Cynthia Cadogan (third daughter of the Hon. Lady Meux, and of the late Viscount Chelsea) was married to Captain Humphrey de Trafford, a well-known officer in the Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Humphrey Francis de Trafford, third Baronet. Lady Meux is the wife of Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Hedworth Lambton, who assumed, by Royal Licence, in 1911, the surname of Meux.

Photograph by Yevonde.

### All Back at School.

There is a schoolmaster or a schoolmarm in every one of us. We love to instruct each other, to lay down the law; even, on occasion, to inflict mild punishments. And the war has encouraged this schoolmastering tendency. Most people are suddenly finding themselves in a position to order somebody else about. And they like it.

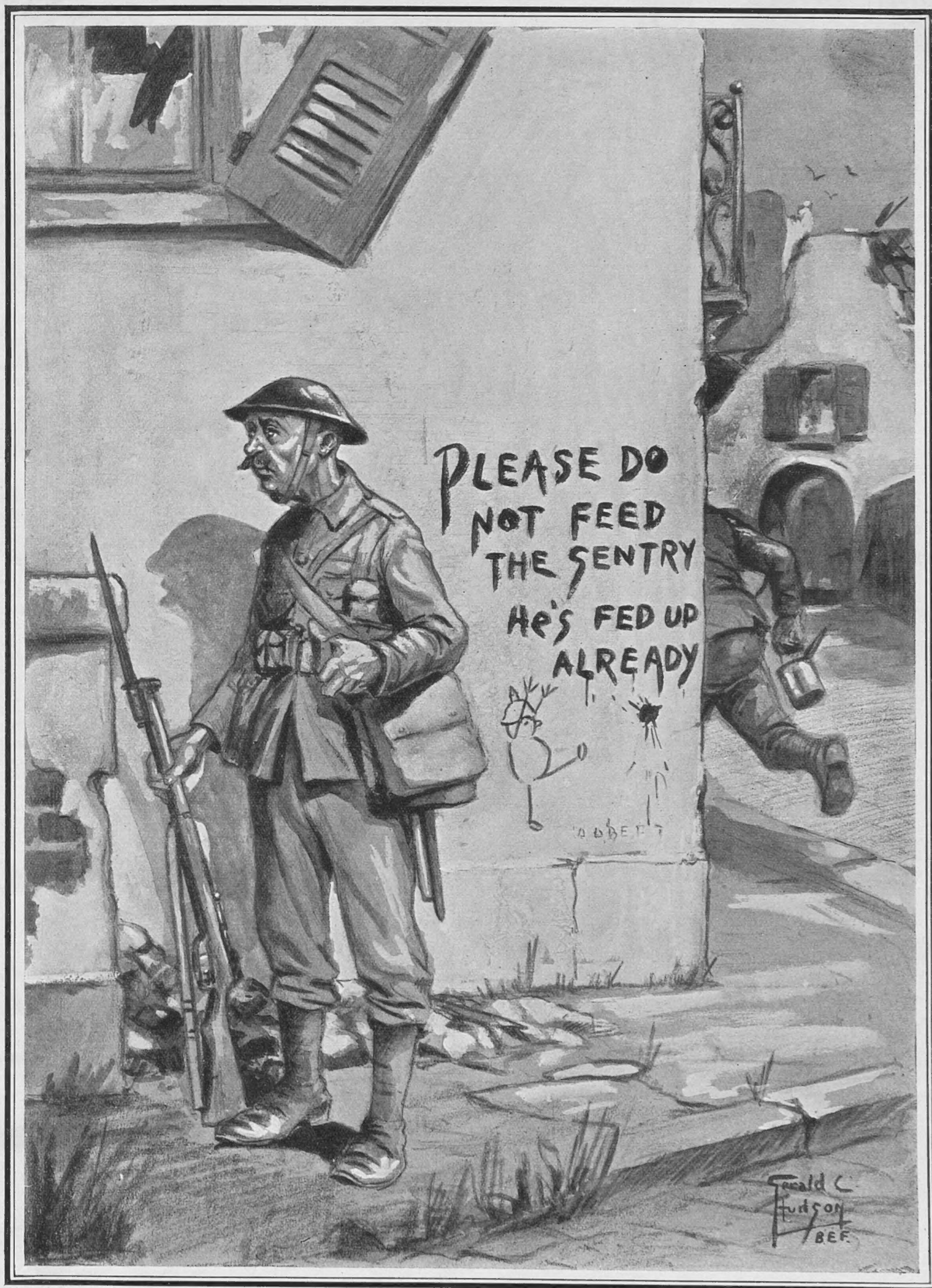
I was amused to read of a certain Chairman of Sessions who was so cross with the jury for bringing in a verdict with which he disagreed that he ordered them to be kept in attendance at the Court until the end of the Sessions. Here, if you like, is the schoolmaster tendency coming out very strong—oh, very strong and noticeable indeed!

The jury, having misbehaved, were to be "kept in." And the jury no doubt hung their heads and felt guilty, and meekly accepted the punishment. Why? Because of the war. We have all surrendered our liberties because of the war. There is just as great a mania for being ordered about as to order about. A small boy, with sufficient assurance, can step into the middle of the road these days, hold up his hand, and stop all the traffic.

We have acquired the Obedience Habit. A good habit, no doubt, within limits, and for the duration of the war; but a bad thing, if driven to excess, for the human soul.



TO THE BLINKIN' BRIM.



COALS TO — THE RHONDDA VALLEY: A MODERN INSTANCE OF A MODERNISED PROVERB.

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.





### The Reopening of the Opera.

Nothing was lacking to ensure the success of the initial performance of Sir Thomas Beecham's Season of Grand Opera in English on Sept. 22. Principals, well-trained chorus, and orchestra sympathetically conducted by Mr. Eugene Goossens sen., met with a rousing reception from the fashionable and unfashionable audience which filled Drury Lane Theatre from stalls to gallery. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Ivan the Terrible" was given for the first time in English—a musical and social event of prime importance. The dramatic and lyric qualities of this music, haunting in its alternating harshness and characteristic minor melodiousness, are familiar from the season of Russian Opera four years ago, when Chaliapin sang the title-rôle. If the Anglo-Saxon temperament is not completely adjustable to Slavic requirements, it is nevertheless capable of creating a very fair illusion of primitive passions. Especially true was this of Robert Parker (Ivan), who sang with splendid sonority, and presented a



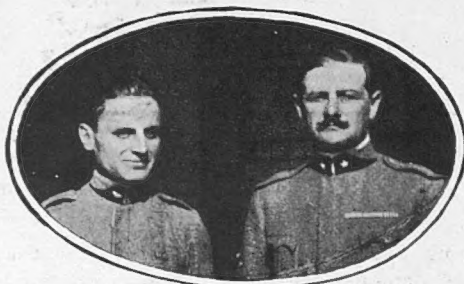
THE CONDUCTOR OF "IVAN":  
EUGENE GOOSSENS SEN.

sinister, forceful figure in chain-armour, with a ruby cross hung from his neck, and huge ruby rings. His face resembled old carved yellow ivory heightened with red, haunting in its wicked craftiness. Walter Hyde (Michael Toucha) was a handsome, manly lover, whose mellow voice was very appealing in the tender love-duos with Jeanne Brola (Princess Olga Tokmakoff). Ethel Toms as an old nurse (Viasyevna) gave a dramatic bit in the first scene. The ensemble of the large chorus was remarkably good, and their stage-pictures were full of life and colour; but the brass of the orchestra was occasionally too barbaric, even for mediæval Russia. The sixteenth-century scenery alternated from the grey and severe to the colourfully picturesque. Especially impressive were the two scenes in the last act—a sunset-lighted road through deep woods to the Pechersk Monastery, and the Tsar's crimson tent. Court costumes of rich brocades and furs, and the brilliant colours of the peasants' dress, were an interesting change from French and Italian costumes of Grand Opera. One incident caused a ripple of amusement—when Prince Tokmakoff (excellently sung by Powell Edwards) referred to a noise of



MORE OPERA IN 'ENGLISH' AT DRURY  
LANE: IN THE AUDIENCE.

someone in the bushes behind him, whereas the Princess Olga was hiding noisily behind a tree! Good singers, like wine, need no bush, we know; but sometimes bushes may enhance the realism of a stage setting. The sporting event of the evening was the taking of his call by the gaily caparisoned white horse upon which Ivan first makes his appearance in the second act. His well-bred, mild-eyed, almost human amazement as he pricked up his ears at the unwonted applause was amusing. Evidently he realised that even the dress rehearsal had not prepared him for his popularity, and didn't quite know what to make of it; but he stood his ground like a thorough-



THE MEN WHO MADE A NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM TURIN TO LONDON (656 MILES) IN 7 HOURS, 22 MINUTES: CAPTAIN THE MARQUIS GIULIO LAUREATI (RIGHT) AND HIS MECHANIC, TONZO (LEFT).  
Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

bred. The American Ambassador and Mrs. Page, Lady Randolph Churchill (very distinguished-looking in grey), Lady Cunard, Lady Juliet Duff, the Duchess of Rutland and daughters, and Lady Howard de Walden contributed to the social brilliance of the occasion. If Manchester succeeds in wresting such musical experiences from London, we shall deserve our fate!

### Spring, Soothing Spring.

Last Monday started a most interesting experiment in modern medical treatment, when the Colour Ward of Mr. H. Kemp Prossor's private hospital in Welbeck Street opened to receive in its sunshiny walls its patients—officers suffering from shell-shock and melancholia. Mr. Kemp Prossor turns to Nature at her sweetest—springtime—to calm, cheer, and heal tired nerves and a depressed mind. The Colour Ward, with its "firmament blue" ceiling, suggestive of a May morning, the "spring

green" of its cushions and carpets, and the "sunshine yellow" of its walls, has a joyful and yet restful effect which must help tremendously tonics and other traditional remedies in their recuperative results. The double curtains of combined yellow and purple transform even the slaty dullness of some London days into invigorating purple rays. The ward, with its flowers and limpid light, holds the sun imprisoned and June in bondage. The conception of an artist as well as of a psychologist!



"IVAN," AT DRURY  
LANE: MME. BROLA  
AS OLGA.

### Where Angels Do Not Fear to Tread.

I hear our men at the front call the tanks "he" and "she" tanks. Those with "wings" at the side (you know what I mean—projecting casemates for guns) are the "shes," which I think very gallant! Mrs. Lavery's "Angel" matinee won't be far out—angels are popularly supposed to have wings, aren't they? One of the prettiest women in town will be unable to be an "angel"—I mean Lady Mainwaring. I hear her brother is very ill, and she, in addition to having a lot to attend to herself, is a good deal with him.

### High Living.

There have been many gifts of venison at the hospitals lately, the Tommies are not quite sure and our friends whether they approve of it. Lord Wimborne, who has been having such delightful parties at the Viceregal Lodge, has given a large quantity.

### A Polyglot Lord.

By the way, speaking of things Irish, Ireland is at present a land flowing with milk and honey, and there is an atmosphere of prosperity about it that is very pleasing—to those who are sharing it. That clever Irish Peer, Lord Ashbourne, has been to town on one of his not infrequent visits. He speaks all the Celtic tongues, Erse, Gaelic, and Welsh, and wears the garb of the ancient Irish—a kilt of orange-coloured frieze being one of the most striking items.

Moors or Magnesia? It has been so sunny and mild in Harrogate



A PRESENTATION OF V.C.'S. BEFORE BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE KING AND SERGEANT BYE, THE FIRST WELSH GUARDSMAN TO RECEIVE THE DECORATION.  
Photograph by Sport and General.





THEY SAY THAT YOU CAN DISTINGUISH GOTHAS FROM BRITISH AEROPLANES BY USING TUNING-FORKS.

that many of the visitors are prolonging their cure. Among those enjoying the pure air from the moors are Admiral and Mrs. Lees, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lincolnshire, the Belgian Minister to the Court of St. James, Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, and many others. The Kursaal has been surpassing itself of late; Lady Constance Stewart Richardson danced there a few days ago. Beautiful, dark-haired Mme. Maria Levinskaja played some Chopin with her usual understanding and powers of expression. And the *clou* of the week was the demonstration of modern ball-room dances by Mlle. Olga and Mr. Michael Rinder, of the Prospect Hotel. The Apache Dance with which these two artists thrilled the house was a feat of realism as well as a remarkable display of strength and acrobacy on the part of the Apache (an accomplished character actor), and of suppleness and grace on that of the Apachette. One wondered whether the moors were responsible for such perfect physical fitness.



FORMERLY VIS-COUNT VALLE-TORT: THE NEW EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

Photograph by Lafayette.

pieces of which will be given to Lady Sheffield for her stall at the October Bazaar she is arranging. Mrs. da Costa is giving a whist-drive at Holyhead for the men of the trawlers and mine-sweepers, and she and the Admiral have chosen some very nice presents—prizes.

#### At the Sign of the Shillelagh.

There is an Irish club in Russell Square known as the Four Provinces of Ireland Club that makes Sunday a less doleful day than the Puritans would have it. Mr. A. Percival Graves was chairman of a jolly concert the Sunday I called in; Moya Mannering and Nelson Keys were among the artists, and Lieutenant the Hon. Evan Morgan and the Hon. Robert Erskine of Mar are among those who take

an interest in its for tunes. The soldier-poet, though Welsh by family and name—he is Lord Tredegar's son—has wide sympathies, and is very popular among the Irish, who are considerable admirers of his gifts. Apparently, one need not be Irish to be among the

members of the Four Provinces Club, which admits of many of us having an extra place to go to on the Sabbath.

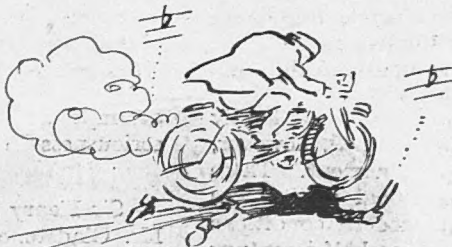
#### What to Wear and When.

These feverishly full days are having two very different effects on fashions. Women who do war-work, but have to show themselves at smart functions, have to choose between appearing in plain, business-like clothes at afternoon affairs, and resigning themselves to wear fluffy things when working or travelling. One has so little time for the dressing-room nowadays. I noticed that Lady Diana Manners, whose way of dressing is a standard to many women, was wearing on her journey between London and Dublin a small hat,

but be-feathered, and a coat-wrap of some velvety stuff—both quite suitable for an afternoon call.

#### Off the Strand—Stranded.

The unattached man who is not in khaki is perforce a nomadic creature just at present. One after the other his favourite haunts—clubs, hotels, and chambers—are taken over for Government activities. The Savoy Mansions, the block beloved of bachelors, was taken over recently for service of national importance. And the many solitary single men therein sighed, picked up their tent, and went forth into the London wilderness.



SOME PEOPLE DON'T AGREE THEY ARE MUCH USE.

brought to the art of publicity—the most practised of all arts!—the same attention and capacity for organisation, I think she would do admirable work for the country. Lady Carson is one of the women who reconcile me to war-economy ideas in connection with clothes. She wears the simplest frocks and hats, nothing extravagant—not even furs, which we all love—and looks remarkably pretty and well dressed. She and her husband nearly always walk to their work together. The example is excellent—for all it may concern!

#### A Foretaste of Socialism.

If all able-bodied men and women are enlisted for Government work, as seems likely to be the case, we shall have an opportunity of testing State control—a foretaste of Socialism. The armies of women will have to be fed and provided for in the same way as the men, and we shall all probably be swept in if the war goes on for very much longer, which everyone prays may not be the case. It would, however, be interesting to see how State control worked. Talking of women's armies—and we are all talking about them now—aren't they going to send many thousands more of us out to France? Lady Mackworth had a wonderful success in raising her little army—little as compared with the men's. She is as able an organiser as her father, Lord Rhondda, and, like him, works very quietly, and apparently with no perturbation of spirit whatever difficulties arise. I wish she would write a book about her work in raising the Welsh army of women: there are some interesting human stories in connection with the work that ought to be told.

#### The Raids and the Abbey.

Those who are in the habit of attending Evensong at Westminster Abbey are glad that the authorities have changed the hour of service from seven to six o'clock, and, further, that the service itself will be considerably shortened.



TO BE THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: MR. C. HANSON, M.P.  
Photograph by C.N.

#### Fur-less and Afoot.

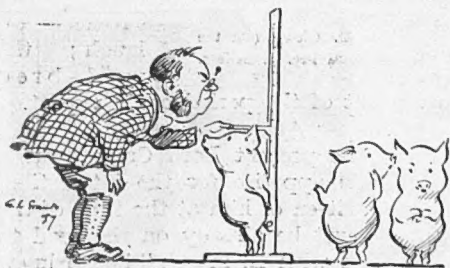
I am wondering whether Lady Carson will help her husband in his propaganda campaign. I have met her at St. James's Palace, where she looked after prisoners of war of the Ulster Division, and was impressed by the easy and capable way she managed, though she got precious little advertisement for her work. If she



THE LATEST: A NEW TAXI-CALL FLAG.  
Photograph by C.N.



THERE SEEMS TO BE A SCARCITY OF SILVER, BUT A SUPERFLUITY OF COPPERS! Farthings in exchange for his cheque.

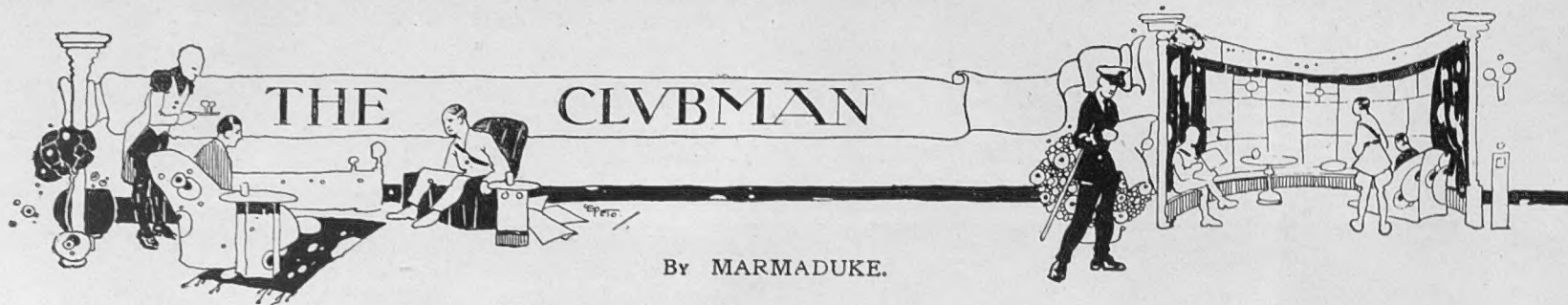


BACON IS GETTING SHORT.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND BAND IN LONDON: PLAYING IN THE CITY.  
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.





BY MARMADUKE.

IT was Antoine St. Just who said, shortly after the French Revolution, "Happiness is a new idea in Europe"; that laughter has but recently become general throughout the civilised world might be insisted upon now. Never was there a time when English men and women laughed so much and loudly as they do to-day—from which it must not be assumed, however, that the standard of conversation is high at the moment. There are those who maintain, indeed, that conversational ability was never so scarce here as it is, and even that modern conditions are altogether unfavourable to it. There were, some half-a-century ago, men in English "society" like Lord Houghton, Lord Lamington (formerly Mr. Baillie Cochrane), Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. Abraham Hayward, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who possessed a high and widespread reputation for wit and brilliancy, and worthily maintained the traditions in these respects inherited from preceding generations.

Is "genius" at a discount now, or is Nature neglecting to produce the "brilliant"? It was only a hundred years since that there were living Byron, Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Shelley, Tom Moore, and Samuel Rogers—poets; Lord Brougham and the great Sir Robert Peel; Sir Walter Scott; Hallam, the historian; the Kembles, Kean, and Liston, amongst the actors; Theodore Hook, Lord Alvanley, and Luttrell, wits; Sir Thomas Lawrence, Constable, Turner, Flaxman, and Chantrey, the illustrious artists; and, greater than any, the Duke of Wellington. The succeeding generation is identified with Lord Palmerston, Grote, Lord Macaulay, Froude, Lord Herschell, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Tennyson, Hood, George Eliot, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli, to mention but a few of the celebrities of the immediate past. How many men of equal eminence have we at the moment—and yet the prevailing crisis, the most stupendous in history, might have been expected to bring to the surface all the super-talent there is.

There were two periods in the career of Lord Beaconsfield as a conversationalist. In his youth, from all accounts, he must have been at great pains to shine in "society"; in later life, according to the experience of the writer, his Lordship affected "brilliant silence"! He would then speak little when dining out; it was his habit to gaze intently at the ceiling, on such occasions, as if absorbed with weightier matters! From time to time, he would drop a casual remark—which was the signal for instant silence to all around! Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, was a "garrulous" conversationalist—one who, with a clear and pleasing voice, spoke almost continuously, and always interestingly. His knowledge appeared to be

universal and inexhaustible; there was no subject he did not seem to have absolutely at his fingers' ends, and he would enter upon every detail regarding it with the utmost earnestness. Few, however, could record it of him that they ever heard Mr. Gladstone even attempt a joke. It has been said of him that he "exuded seriousness"!

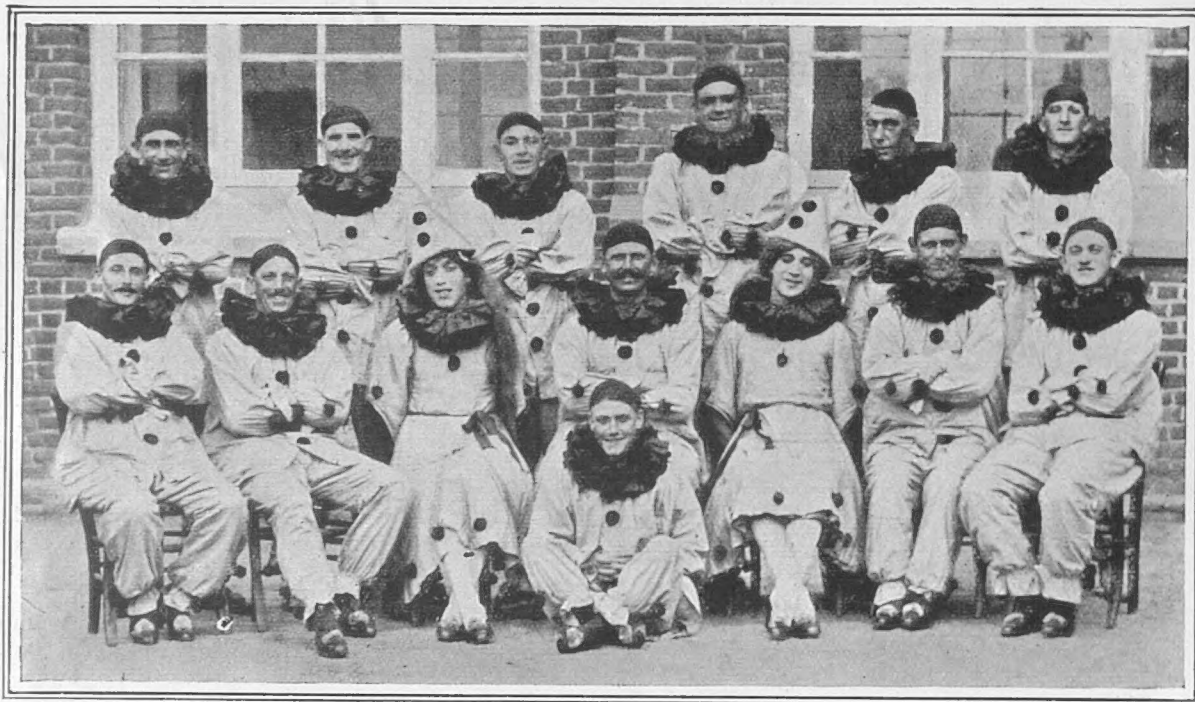
Sir Henry Drummond Wolff had the sense of humour denied to Mr. Gladstone; Sir Henry was the "life" of whatever party he joined. Always good-tempered, brilliant, and amusingly reminiscent, he had the rare gift of being enabled to draw out his neighbours, even the most timid and silent. There have been few men in English "society" in the past half-century who could "handle" a dinner-table with the delicate skill with which did Sir Henry; the ingenuity exercised by him in making conversation general was altogether surprising.

In these days little complaint can be made of conversation not being "general"—all at table talking so continuously and promiscuously

that it is difficult often to hear what is said or one-self speak! Besides, it is a habit of many women now to ask questions, and fly off to other subjects without waiting for an answer, frequently addressing themselves to other neighbours whilst a reply is attempted. With respect to laughter, even until the late 'seventies it was not considered becoming—except upon rare occasions—to laugh; the well-bred

smile was the utmost tribute the wit of the period could expect.

Lord Houghton, the father of the present Lord Crewe, was a most genial man, with an insatiable appetite for the interesting, celebrated, and notorious. It was written of him at the time of the capitulation of Paris, "Houghton must be already on the road to breakfast with Jules Favre, and dine with Bismarck"! He knew everybody, and must have known the secret history of almost everything of importance that occurred at the day. Mr. Abraham Hayward, the inseparable friend of Lord Houghton, was a jealous and dictatorial conversationalist, being not only in close touch with both the political worlds, but with the *Times*—to which he was one of the most distinguished contributors: he was disposed to convey the impression that it was he, and not others, who directed the events of the day! Once, when dining out, his host lost all patience with him and levelled a volley of oaths at the head of his guest! No attention was, of course, paid to the incident at the time; but, on the women leaving the room, Mr. Hayward rose, and, having said good-bye, left the house. Some three weeks afterwards the host made away with himself—the outburst having been the first outward sign of approaching insanity!



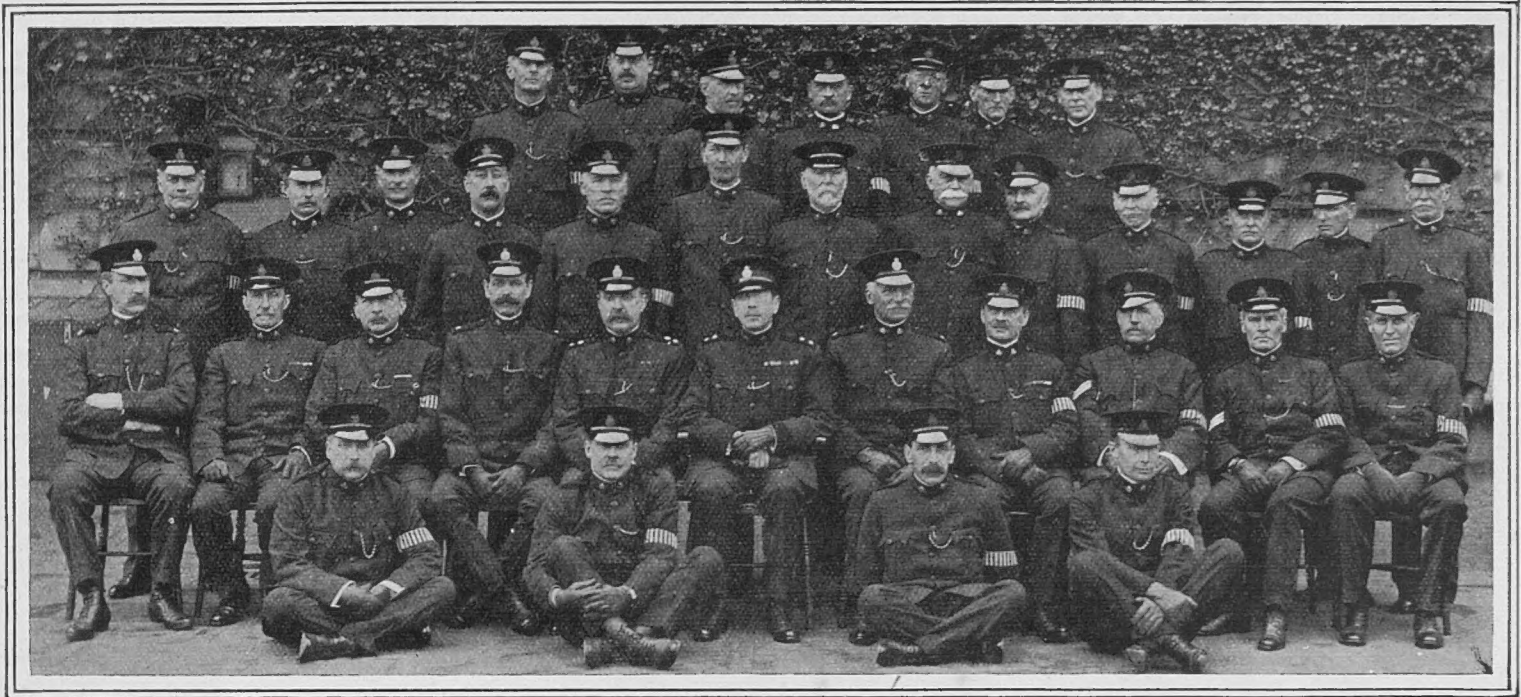
A PIERROT TROUPE THAT HAS FREQUENTLY PERFORMED UNDER SHELL-FIRE: THE LILYWHITES.

The Lilywhites, who give an excellent programme, often under shell-fire, are managed by Lieutenant C. J. Hambro, M.C., formerly well known in the cricket world, and at one time Captain of the Eton eleven. From left to right the figures are: (Front Row) Dr. H. G. Smith, C.Q.M.S. A. Silver, Pte. J. Strudwick, Sgt.-Maj. A. Gray, M.C., Pte. P. Chase, Sgt.-Dr. A. Shrimpton, and Dr. H. O. Glew; (On the Ground) Dr. E. Atkinson; (Back Row) Pte. H. Dewis, Pte. J. Hoyland, Pte. W. Sparkes, Pte. A. Groves, Cpl. A. Kendal, and Pte. J. Sellers.



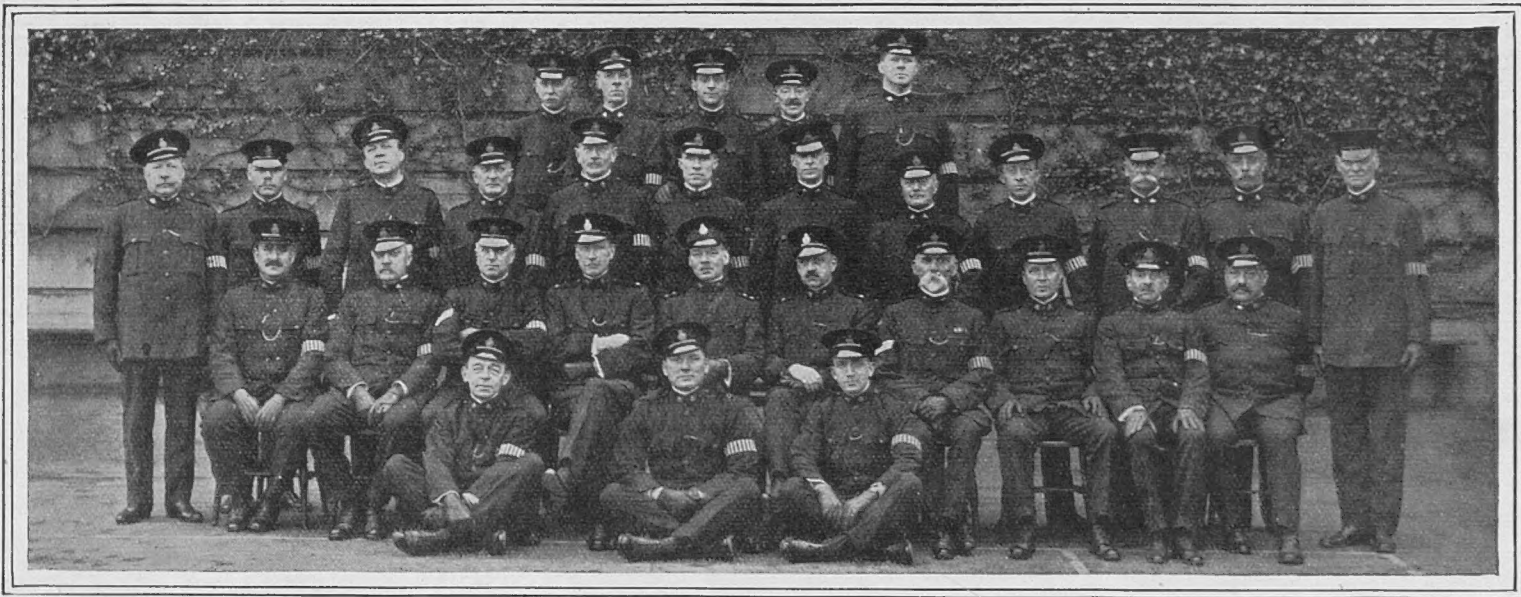
WITH THE SPECIALS :

XXXVIII.—THE H.Q.C.D. SECTIONS 11, 12, AND 13.



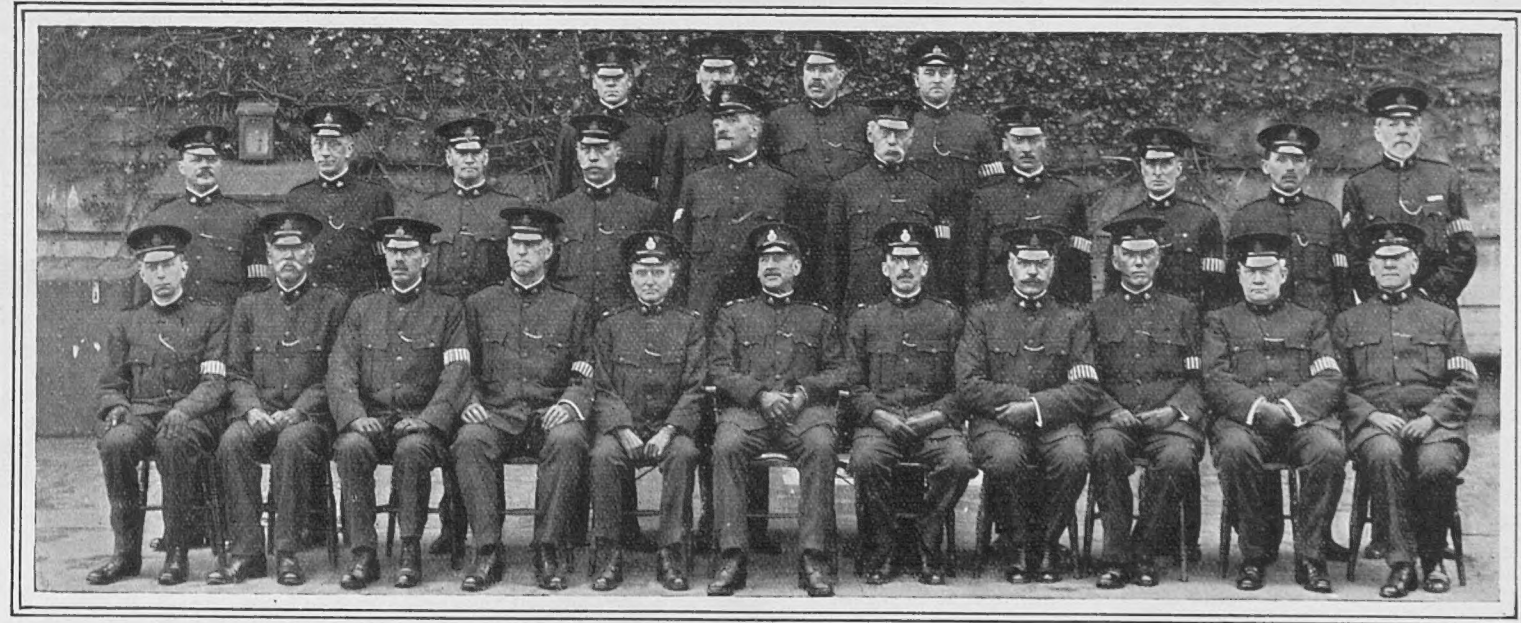
THE H.Q.C.D. (HEADQUARTERS CENTRAL DETACHMENT), METROPOLITAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY: SECTION XI.

Included in the group are : (Second Row) Acting-Sub-Inspector I. Ridout, Sub-Inspector H. P. Hussey, acting Sub-Inspector Hon. G. Colville, Inspector Lord Plunket, G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O. (centre), Sub-Inspector R. Astley, Sergt. R. Lockwood, and Sergt. Sir Henry Craik, M.P., K.C.B.—[*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*]



THE H.Q.C.D. (HEADQUARTERS CENTRAL DETACHMENT), METROPOLITAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY: SECTION XII.

Among those in the Second Row (from left to right) are : Sergt. G. W. Hill, Sub-Inspector S. Hanmer, Inspector W. Wakefield, Sub-Inspector B. J. Warwick, Sergt. C. F. Preston.—[*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*]



THE H.Q.C.D. (HEADQUARTERS CENTRAL DETACHMENT), METROPOLITAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY: SECTION XIII.

Standing in the centre of the Second Row are : Sergt. S. I. Stubbs, and at the end of the same row, Sergt. Captain Hughes-Hughes, R.N. ; Seated in the Front Row (left to right) are : Sub-Inspector W. Buchanan, Inspector F. G. Crofts, Sub-Inspector D. Haworth-Booth.—[*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*]



## WOMEN'S FIRST INVESTITURE: RECIPIENTS OF THE ORDER.



1. MISS RACHEL ARD (M.B.E.).
2. MISS MARY JACKSON (M.B.E.) AND MISS IVY MATHESON (M.B.E.).
3. MISS KATHERINE LANDON (M.B.E.).
4. THE HON. LADY NORMAN (C.B.E.), WITH SIR HENRY NORMAN.
5. DR. FLORA MURRAY (C.B.E., LEFT) AND DR. LOUISA GARRETT ANDERSON (C.B.E.)

6. MISS EDITH PRATT (O.B.E.), WITH HER MOTHER.
7. MRS. CECIL BAKER (C.B.E.).
8. MRS. MABEL DEASE (O.B.E., ON THE LEFT) AND MISS GLADYS BROUGHTON (O.B.E.).
9. MISS GWENDOLINE BINGHAM (M.B.E.).

The King held the first Investiture of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, at Buckingham Palace, Sept. 27. Lady Norman received the C.B.E. for special services connected with the British Hospitals in France. Dr. Garrett Anderson organised the first hospital run by women at the front. Dr. Flora Murray is Doctor-in-Charge at Endell Street Hospital. Mrs. Cecil Baker is Hon. Sec. of British Ambulance Committees. Miss Gladys Broughton is Organiser of Women's Welfare in National Shell and National Projectile Factories. Mrs. Mabel Dease is Chief Welfare Superintendent, Inspection Department, Ministry of

Munitions. Miss Edith Pratt is Deputy-Chief Controller of the W.A.A.C. Miss Rachel Ard is Commandant of the Rushall V.A.D. Hospital, Tunbridge Wells. Miss Gwendoline Bingham is Secretary to the Contraband Committee at the Foreign Office. Miss Mary Jackson is in charge of the Prisoners of War Book Scheme, Board of Education. Miss Katherine Landon is Assistant Commandant and Quartermaster, Devon V.A.D. 66 and Exmouth Hospital, British Red Cross Society. Miss Ivy Matheson is Hon. Sec., Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Topical, and C.N.]



“A MARRIAGE IS ARRANGED —”



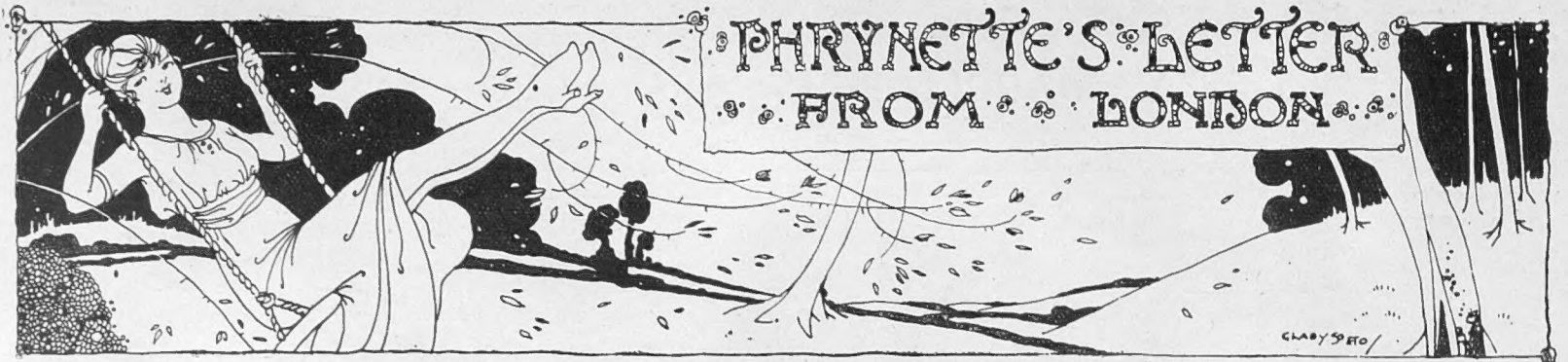
TO MARRY LIEUT.-COLONEL PIGOTT-MOODIE: THE HON. ALEXANDRA RHODA ASTLEY.

A marriage has been arranged, to take place shortly, between Lieutenant-Colonel Pigott-Moodie, of the Royal Scots Greys, and the Hon. Alexandra Rhoda Astley, who is one of the two daughters of the Dowager Lady Hastings, widow of the twentieth

Baron, and sister of the present holder of the title. The Dowager Lady Hastings is one of the seven sisters of Lord Suffield, all of whom are prominent and popular figures in Society. Miss Rhoda Astley was born in 1886.

*Photograph by Russell and Son.*





## SCRAPS AND THE SMART SET.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THERE used to be fashions in note-paper—not so long ago either. Yet how far these futilities seem! Nowadays those very people who in idle days would have spent hours planning a new shape for their envelope, or a new shade or a new surface for their sheets—those very people write you nowadays with their proudest pen on half-a-sheet of faded note-paper. Not penury—patriotism!

Apropos of which an idea struck me the other day concerning the collection of waste-paper. I understand that in offices and public buildings waste-paper is collected by office-boys or porters, and contractors call and collect. But in the thousands of small households is it likely that the harassed head of the house would look up the name and address of contractors, and then sit down to write and ask them to call every week for a few newspapers and a meagre handful of old letters and some old circulars? No! Then so much wasted waste-paper. Now, if at every street-corner were to be hung a large bag in waterproof material, what could be easier than for the inhabitants of each street to throw into the bag their scraps of papers every day, or every week? As easy as posting a letter! It is on the same principle which erects receptacles for waste-paper and orange-peel in parks and public gardens. Should I apply for a patent?

And, still apropos of paper, I overheard last night at the restaurant a most amusing little dialogue. He was obviously on leave. She was a mixture of Bond Street and Rue de la Paix. They were enjoying their food and each other's presence. Their table and ours were very near the band, so that one had to shout to be

SHE. Fancy being in town three days without letting me know!  
HE. But I called twice at your flat, and there was no one.

SHE. Why did you not leave a card, silly boy?

HE. I hadn't a card with me.

SHE. Well, any scrap of paper would have done—an old envelope, a piece off a newspaper—you could have written your name on it!

HE. But I had no scrap of paper—I looked. The only paper I had on me was a five-pound note!

SHE. Well, then—had you no pencil? (!)

If you are bent on match-saving, make spills of old newspapers, returned cheques, bills (old or new!), even veteran love-letters (these last should burn well!)—in fact, of anything except theatre programmes. A dear, fluffy little friend of mine sacrificed her collection of these, spent a whole evening rolling the spiral kind of spill which is really quite decorative—only to find that the paper had been most thoroughly fireproofed!

It is astonishing how many people you meet if you are "about" in the West End these days. Piccadilly is just strewn, of course, with the khaki and decorations of distinguished people; but I mustn't enumerate our officials at home. Luckily, the same restriction doesn't apply to civilians! Down Bond Street the other morning I met Irene Vanbrugh, in a blue-and-beige Jersey-de-laine and most becoming furs, walking with two friends. Also Miss Betty Chester, a young lady with a fine contralto voice and a personal charm reminiscent of Ethel Levey; two years ago Miss Chester was a promising pupil with a plait, singing at a charity matinée. Dining at the Gobelins, where many habitués reserve their tables, I saw George Grossmith in the R.N.V.R. blue, looking exactly the same otherwise. Talking of people who do war work, a number of well-known ladies are to be seen in the Row on remount horses—not such a soft job as it looks, since they have to ride at least three different (or indifferent) steeds in a morning, and it is no sinecure to exercise raw remounts for several hours on end. Mrs. Corbett (who comes of a well-known Yorkshire family), Miss Ringer (an Irish girl who can sit and conquer the unruliest animals), and Mrs. Arthur Abrahams are to be seen on most days. Mrs. Abrahams was one of the three beautiful Miss Duveens; she is a fine horse-woman, and has hunted with many of our best-known packs. She is also an excellent whip—when only nineteen she tooled Sir Joseph Duveen's four-in-hand all the way from London to York; and she was singled out by Alfred Vanderbilt to drive his park team of blacks at one of the Olympia Horse Shows.



"A handsome policeman told me in confidence."

Those few people who still find their own affairs so little absorbing that they have to fill up part of their leisure wondering which hemisphere Captain Granville Barker is honouring, may be interested to know that he was seen at 3.15 p.m. on Saturday, Sept. 17, dashing along Adelaide Street and Chandos Street, head bent forward, evidently on urgent business. He was wearing khaki, by no means in the first flush of newness, with the green cap-band.

Possibly, like many other distinguished and more wealthy people who have been using the humble 'bus lately, he could not get a taxi.

What would Richard III. offer for one?

Met also the other morning the ever-lovely Lady Warwick in Jermyn Street. She was wearing a plain black coat and skirt, and a black sailor hat with a formal wreath of dead-white roses. Half-



"The buyer will waste half-an-hour over a sou."

heard at all. And, as the girl said, "It made one want to eat loudly, to be in unison!" When the music became sentimental and less brassy, my *vis-à-vis*, probably not realising that, kept voice on the same high note, and this is what they were saying—



mourning, even of the most severe type, can be most becoming to a beautiful woman with white hair.

Our divine Sarah has just celebrated in New York the fifty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance at the Comédie Française. On Sept. 1. 1862, she made her début as Iphigénie, and now, in the beginning of her seventy-fourth year, this Wonder of the World is about to undertake a tour to the Pacific Coast which will not end until next spring! Tremendous vitality and indomitable will pulled her through her serious operation and recent severe illness, and she is said to be in better health now than for several years.

Her anniversary programme at the Knickerbocker Theatre consisted of the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" and "L'Étoile dans la Nuit," an episode of the war by H. Cain and E. Guérinon. The repertory includes "L'Aiglon," "Hécube," and the never-dying "Dame aux Camélias." It would be difficult to find a more heroic personality than Mme. Bernhardt.

I was vastly amused to read a letter in the *Daily Mail* that "the women who squander anything over twenty shillings on a nightgown, not excepting even brides, during the duration of the war and for three years after peace is declared, should pay handsomely to the expense of the war. A tax of five shillings should be placed on any night- or undergarment costing twenty-five shillings, ten shillings



"The lady in the hotel lounge who had to be wrapped up in a tablecloth by a resourceful waiter."

on any garment of forty shillings, with an increasing tax on more expensive garments. Those women

will buy the garments all the same, but their extravagance will at any rate contribute a large sum towards the expenses of the war."

The "even brides" has a *La Vie Parisienne* savour! But I dare not linger long over *lingerie*.

It is, however, really difficult to please everybody as regards one's nightie (Cynicuss, who is reading over my shoulder, grins as he draws out, "Everybody is a large order! I thought one was supposed to please one particular person.")

I shrug that of course I am discussing it from an abstract point of view, like the worthy correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. Still, it is raising a nice point. We are told, even by lovers of the unbeautiful, that flannelette is not safe; and now crêpe-de-Chine is too costly, they say. Before having decided what not to wear, we may find ourselves in the pretty plight of the lady in the hotel lounge who had to be wrapped up in a tablecloth by a resourceful waiter on the night of the last raid. Fact! But crumbs scratch one so, even from the table of the rich. Had not you heard? In a certain large town of England (I won't tell you which, because then you might guess, and the German aeroplanes might get to know that they really did reach —) there were two large hotels facing each other. One was the resort of the smart, and the other the Mecca of the middle-class. On the night of the last raid, some of the ladies of the first caravanserai came down as they were, literally—hence the table-cloths! While in the hotel opposite propriety, in pink ribbon and opaque cambric, high at the neck and long at the hem, could wait for bombs without a blush!

Quite true—I was there. (Yes, in both places at once—that's the privilege of a journalist!)

In another part of the "Eastern County" a handsome policeman whom I interviewed—I never interview any but the handsomest—told me in confidence (trusting male!) that he was just about to raid a certain suspicious lodging-house when the Germans came and raided it first! Once more the police arrived when all was over!

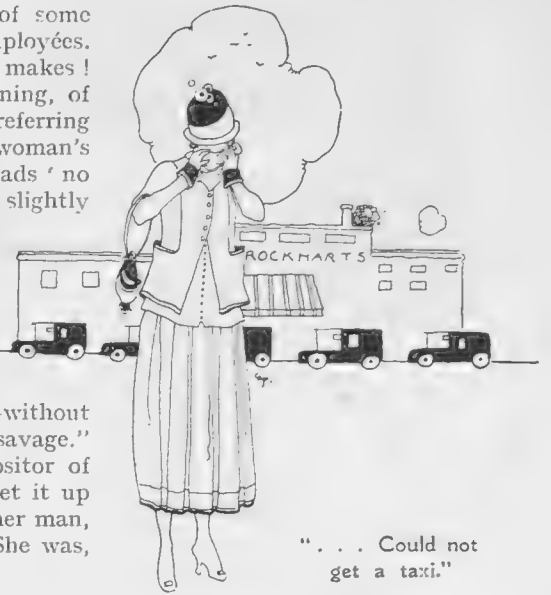
People and places and things appear under quite new aspects these days—and nights. What are "bachelor chambers" when the "Take Cover" cry is heard?

A correspondent of mine scolds me for having jumped with levity over a most important comma. Some time ago he described for my

benefit the war uniform of some girls, Government employées. "What a difference a stop makes! I wrote 'No, skirts'—meaning, of course, not trousers, and referring to your recent notes on woman's war-working get-up. It reads 'no skirts,' which conveys a slightly different impression."

(I should think so, and apologise. Let us render to the skirted—)

Which reminds me of the toast at a local dinner: "Woman—without her, man would be a savage." The next day, the compositor of the principal newspaper set it up thus: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage"! She was, on reading that!



If we all did our own shopping, and gave the profiteers a more difficult time, there would be no need to overwork the Food Controller. In France most women keep a very sharp eye on their accounts, and know well the markets in which to buy. In London, and in England generally, there is a tendency to give orders to a chosen butcher, baker, greengrocer, and grocer, and take what he gives. It is not good for their souls this way! One ought to buy in the best market; then the chosen ones would not get such high prices. The difference in prices in shops hardly a hundred yards distant from each other is wonderful. Apples fourpence a pound at one place; the same kind eightpence per pound a little further down the street. A slur on the housewives, I think. If the eightpenny kind were not bought, they would soon be reduced to the competitor's price.

In France, of course, we often go to the other extreme. It is a joy to watch, in the suburbs of Paris or in provincial France, the morning doorstep duels between the buyer, a well-to-do *bourgeoise* sometimes in a most elegant *négligé* (and sometimes not!), and the fishwife, with her flat basket full of eels, cod, *royans*, etc.

The buyer will waste half-an-hour over a sou.

"No," says she, sniffing; "these soles are ridiculously small; and besides, they aren't fresh; and besides, I don't want any fish to-day; no—well, now, I won't give you any more than two francs for them."

"Oh, make it two francs fifteen, my little one (!)" wails the fishwife. "I cannot let you have them for less, my pretty! You are taking the bread out of my mouth!"

They fight on for fifteen minutes more, and finally compromise at two francs *cinq centimes*!

Why the *bourgeoise* should buy fish she does not want, which is small and not fresh, is a puzzle—as is the selling of the *marchande*, since the deal takes out of her voluble mouth that crust of very bad French bread! But the farthing fight



has, I truly believe, been enjoyed by both!

In up-to-date American finishing schools, I hear, there is a market in the school, where the girl students practise the housewife's arts. Is the money they save allowed to count as pin-money?

A tax of five shillings should be placed on every night- or under-garment."



## SMALL TALK



**L**ORD GORT, who has just added to the Guards Honours List by appearing in a Supplement to the *London Gazette* as the winner of a bar to his D.S.O., has had as distinguished a "war" career as any to be found in this age of doubly-and-treble "barred" heroes. Captain, Brevet-Major, and Acting Lieutenant, his services on the Staff both at home and abroad have resulted in wounds, quadruple mention in despatches, the Military Cross, a brevet, and the D.S.O., to which the coveted rose has just been added—and he won't be thirty-two until next July! Not a bad record, though, after all, he is only keeping up the tradition established by a twelfth-century ancestor, that "righte valiaunte captain" Maurice, Lord of Prendergast, who with ten knights and two hundred archers laid the foundations of the family fortunes in Ireland. Lady Gort—who, by the way, is a cousin of her husband's—has been equally assiduous in "doing her bit," and her shop in Grosvenor Street, run for the benefit of the Red Cross, has already fully justified its existence from the business point of view.

*Angels Before Their Time.* There's nothing like living up to your reputation—which is, I suppose, the reason why so many distinguished women are taking an active interest in the "Angel" Matinée for the British Women's Hospitals.

Winifred Countess of Arran, the Countess of Clonmell, Lady Helen Murray, the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicholson (of "Kidlet" fame), and Lady Avicé Sackville are amongst those who will wear wings long before the time, one hopes, when it will be necessary for them to assume the real article.

*Not Extravagance.* Mention of Winifred Lady Arran reminds me that her Ladyship has lately taken to using coal-gas as a method of propulsion for her smart landaulette, and has installed the necessary charging machinery at her own house. If anyone thinks the notion savours of war-time extravagance, let them bear in mind that coal-gas sets free valuable by-products largely in demand for munition-making purposes. It is not often that duty and comfort can be combined in such satisfactory fashion.

*A Modern Winterhalter.* The internment of Mr. Philip de Laszlo has made quite a social sensation. If he was not exactly widely known, he was very well known indeed in certain circles—and those distinguished ones. With some of the brusqueness belonging to his nationality, Mr. Laszlo was still quite an accomplished courtier—no man without manners could have made such an impression on a critic so severe as Edward VII., or could have carried out his work in so many polished Courts. I

suppose Laszlo has painted more royalties than any artist since Winterhalter, whose canvases commemorate the spacious days of Queen Victoria.

*Royal Critics.* It requires special qualities to be a successful delineator of august features. A King, Queen, or Princess generally knows a good deal about art; it could hardly



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT BASIL HAMBROUGH: MRS. RONALD WAKLEY.

Mrs. Wakley, whose engagement to Lieutenant Basil Beauchamp Hambrough, of the Welsh Guards, has been announced, is the daughter of Mr. W. Naunton Davies, of Llantrisant, Glamorganshire.

Photograph by Bassano.

*Lincoln in Stone.* The dispute over the Lincoln statue is not a little curious. One chief object in the allocation of a site at Westminster is to please the American people. But the American people, to judge by the protests raised, are by no means pleased. They would like a statue, but not this statue, which has been described as a "monstrous figure," "grotesque," and "defamatory." It would seem wise to bow at once to American susceptibilities, and get a statue which will really satisfy them. I have seen photographs of the effigy in question, and certainly it is not decorative. Can anything, however clever, be decorative that displays dead-and-gone greatness in a stone frock-coat and trousers? Why not appeal to the friendly feeling of M. Rodin, and get him to do something which we can look on with admiration, and the visiting Americans with pride? We should then have a triple link between the three great nations allied in fighting ugliness, moral and physical.

*The Lady Director.*

their own not only as underlings, but as principals in business enterprise. It is rather astonishing that they have not done so before in this country. In France, as everybody knows, it is Madame on whom many businesses depend; and, though women, as a whole, have yet to prove their capacity for commerce on the great scale, there have been many notable examples of success. In America, more than one woman has been recognised as possessing a business head as shrewd as any male's.



FOUNDER OF THE R.F.C. OFFICERS' CLUB: MRS. WALTER BERSEY, AND HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Bersey, who has generously founded the Royal Flying Corps Club for Officers of the R.F.C., is the wife of Mr. Walter Bersey, the well-known member of the London County Council. We give a new and charming portrait of herself and her daughter.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A NEW COUNTESS: LADY MOUNT EDGUMBE.

The Countess of Mount Edgumbe, whose husband has just succeeded to the Earldom upon the death of the fourth Earl, has been very popular in Society as the Viscountess Valletort. She married the Viscount, now Earl of Mount Edgumbe, in 1911. She was then Lady Edith Villiers, daughter of the fifth Earl of Clarendon. — [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



THE DISTAFF SIDE: WAR-WORKERS —AND A BRIDE.



WORKING AT LADY DENBIGH'S HOSPITAL:  
MISS MARY CECILIA BETHUNE.



MISS FLO NORTHEY (MRS. J. L. CLOWES):  
JUST MARRIED.



NURSING AT LADY MAKINS'S HOSPITAL:  
MISS M. PHILLIPS.



A STALL-HOLDER AT THE LEAGUE OF MERCY  
BAZAAR AT THE RITZ: MRS. JOHN LATTA.



NURSING AT LADY MAKINS'S HOSPITAL:  
MRS. R. BROOKE.



A CANTEEN HELPER: MRS. ROGER TURNBULL.

Miss Bethune, who is doing hospital work in Leicestershire, is the daughter of Lady and Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Bethune, K.C.B., C.V.O., who has a distinguished record, and during the war has held the responsible post of Director-General of the Territorial Forces, at the War Office.—Miss Flo Northey, daughter of Brigadier-General Edward Northey, C.B., K.R.R., was very recently married to Mr. J. L. Clowes, also of the K.R. Rifles.—Miss M. Phillips is working at the hospital organised by Mrs. Makins, wife of the distinguished Surgeon-General Sir George Henry Makins, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.S., who has been mentioned in despatches and awarded a medal and knighthood.—Mrs. John Latta, who will be a stall-holder at the Ritz Bazaar for the League of Mercy, is the wife of Mr. John Latta, the well-known ship-owner.—Mrs. R. Brooke is one of the workers at Lady Makins's hospital.—Mrs. Roger Turnbull is the wife of Captain Roger Turnbull, of Harrington Court, S.W., and has been doing canteen work.



SIR RENNELL RODD has been visiting old friends and old haunts in London—a city that begins to be strange to him after his long Roming. Sir Rennell has not come home to amuse himself, however. He has had some things to discuss with Ministers, and some things with nobody but the King. Earl Curzon and he found themselves one day in the Palace together, and the two men, so unlike in physique, have more in common than long exiles abroad as representatives of the King. Both, rather unexpectedly, are poets! Sir Rennell has published; but Earl Curzon imprisons his stanzas in the albums of friends who still retain that once almost sacred symbol of mid-Victorianism. Rome is exactly the right environment for Sir Rennell as Ambassador, and he has made it a pleasant place for troops of friends, English and American. Many a novice, fresh arrived and full of emotion, has found in him a *cicerone* to whom he—or she—has exclaimed with Lothair: "Now I behold Rome." Disraeli had the wit to know it was not a city you can simply see.

*One Fane.* Lord Burghersh, with the reputation of being quite the best best-man ever seen at weddings, has now had to make choice of a similar supporter for himself, with this obvious limitation, that he could not be his own. His marriage with Miss Violet de Trafford, Sir Humphrey's daughter, links up a good many friendships and faiths. In marrying a Roman Catholic, he is not doing quite the alien thing some people suppose. His own grandmother, the Dowager Lady Rosslyn, is a professor of that Faith; and his favourite aunt, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, furnished him with another precedent when she married handsome Major Fitzgerald. Different churches Lord Burghersh's and his wife's may be, said a punster on his patronymic, but they will be one Fane.

*"Sports."* The de Traffords were all Traffords a hundred years ago. The first Baronet adopted the "de" in 1842. Yet the family legend is that their ancestor had settled in Lancashire before the Conqueror came; and certain it is that for eight centuries they have held the lands they now hold or have recently sold to the Manchester Ship Canal Company. Sir Humphrey is himself a lover of all sorts of manly sports and amusements, though he has never, like his brother Charles, captained a County Eleven. The bride's grandmother, Lady Annette de Trafford (a sister of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury), is eighty-three years of age; and the bridegroom, too, comes of old stock in two senses of the word, his grandmother, Blanche Lady Rosslyn, wearing her years

with the courage and beauty of youth. Marriage is infectious in some families; and Miss Violet de Trafford's engagement followed within a few days that of her brother, Captain Humphrey de Trafford, of the Coldstreamers, and the Hon. Cynthia Cadogan.



WORKING FOR THE BLIND: MRS. JOHN P. BABINGTON. Mrs. Babington is the wife of Squadron-Commander J. P. Babington, D.S.O., and is working at St. Dunstan's Hostel for Soldiers Blinded in the War. Before her marriage she was Miss Cicely Beresford Hope. —[Photograph by E. O. Heppé.]

*American Wives.* American soldiers and sailors here and in France may surely count their left-behind wives among the war's heroines. Distance doubles all their anxieties. An English wife can go to her dying husband in a French hospital, or, if he is not badly wounded, can be daily at his bedside, in hospitals at home. When he is still in the fighting line, he can send her constant reassurances, but these to the American wife are denied. No wonder that some American women are wondering whether they cannot do something useful over here, something which would make it worth the Government's while to ask for them, and thus secure them their passports. The husbands themselves, I hear, are making it a matter of honour not to take part in any such stratagems, however heavenly they would account the success of them. One Naval officer, who did venture to broach the subject to the Admiral, received a sufficient rebuff spoken in the kindest tones. "I have left my wife behind," was all the Admiral, most devoted of husbands, found it necessary to say.

#### *Uplands and Downlands.*

The Duchess of Norfolk has taken her four children to Kir-harvie, her own inherited place at Dumfries. Her only son, the youngest of Dukes, is nine-and-a-half years old, and already there is talk about a school for him, Downside, near Bath, being the one most mentioned. Arundel is not the only West Sussex seat that is emptied of its folk; for the Duke of Richmond is not at Goodwood, but at Gordon Castle, Banffshire; and Lady Leconfield is staying with Lady Clinton, at Fettercairn House, Laurencekirk. Even the dwellers by the South Downs yield to Scotland's lure; they leave the confines of the county beyond which, says Mr. Belloc, is—nowhere. Mr. Belloc lives his creed; and every hour he can spare from London he "breathes the Sussex air" near Horsham, for his home is there.

#### *A Ducal Burden.*

Reverting for a moment to the youngest Duke—his Grace of Norfolk—it is a matter of congratulation on all scores that he has so capable a mother, for the burden of Dukedom on such a scale as that of Norfolk involves responsibilities, as well as privileges, which might well rather frighten one who was not more than commonly clever.



THREE LADIES IN A BOAT: LADY SLIGO AND THE LADIES EILEEN AND DOREEN BROWNE. In our photograph three ladies well known and very popular in Irish Society rather suggest a paraphrase of the title of Jerome K. Jerome's famous story. They are the Marchioness of Sligo and her two unmarried daughters, the Ladies Eileen and Doreen Browne. The picture was taken on the river at Westport House, Co. Mayo. —[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]



## AND SHALL "TRELAWNY" DIE? A PINERO CLASSIC REVIVED.



THE MID-VICTORIAN STAR IN "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS": 1. AND 2. MISS NINA SEVENING AS IMOGEN PARROT; 3. MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS AVONIA BUNN; 4. MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS ROSE TRELAWNY.

"Trelawny of the Wells" is as little likely to die as the bishop of that ilk in Hawker's Cornish ballad. Were there any threat of such a thing, twenty thousand playgoers would "know the reason why." As it is, the fresh revival of Pinero's classic comedietta, at the New Theatre, again affords proof of its abounding vitality. Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Rose Trelawny and Mr. Dion Boucicault as the Vice-Chancellor are as perfect as

ever in their original parts, while Miss Hilda Trevelyan, as a well-known critic puts it, "was clearly born to play Avonia Bunn." Miss Nina Sevening is also very successful in the character of Imogen Parrot. Once again, the play gives an interesting picture of Mid-Victorian manners and fashions, and the relations between the stage and Society at that remote period.—[Photographs by Wreather and Buys.]



## “When will you girls be ready?”

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HE (*to himself*) : “That means at least ten minutes’ wait. Lucky I dropped in to buy some more Kenilworth Cigarettes—they are the only thing that will stay your impatience when

you’re waiting for the best girl in the world.”

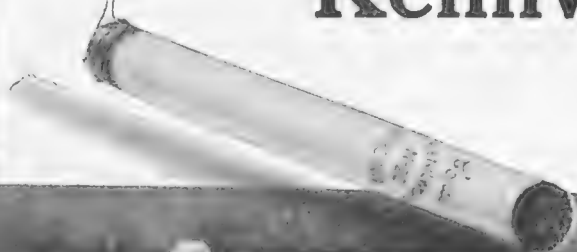
*Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/2 for 20.*

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THE SERGEANT (to the Officer): "I can't do nothin' with 'im, Sir. I've taught 'im all I know, an' now 'e knows nowt!"

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## THE GOOSEBERRY.

By ALICE PERRIN.

PEOPLE in Jheelpur were surprised when they heard that Stella Spence had been asked to the Cloudsleys' Christmas camp. Usually Mrs. Cloudsley ignored the Station when she entertained under canvas in the district; she preferred to invite the majority of her guests from the big cantonment that was half-a-day's journey from Jheelpur—Jheelpur being the humble headquarters of civilians only; and, in the opinion of Mrs. Cloudsley, they were a very dull lot of civilians too! With the exception of young Nixon, the Assistant Magistrate, who was a timid admirer of Mrs. Cloudsley's, all were married, and all were intensely domestic as well—not quite such an uncommon condition of affairs in India, whatever may be said or written to the contrary.

Mrs. Cloudsley was a gay, irresponsible little person who got all her clothes from Paris, went to the hills every hot weather, and regarded herself as wasted on the clever, senior civilian she had married—partly because she liked him sufficiently, and partly to escape from the stagnation of life in an English village. She told people that Edward loved his work more than he loved her—which was not true. He was very indulgent, and liked her to enjoy herself. He did not mind what she spent in reason, but on occasions he could be tiresome—as, for example, when he arrived unexpectedly on leave at the hill-station she had selected last year and actually said that, though a pack of puppies at her heels did not matter, he objected to a solitary jackal, and even hinted that perhaps next summer she had better go home and see her people!

But about Mrs. Cloudsley's unaccountable invitation to Stella Spence, who was the Policeman's sister, and a poor, plain girl. The Policeman's wife held forth on the subject in the ladies' room of the little club, while Stella was taking her small nephews and nieces for a drive in the family bullock shigram, the ayah being absent on leave for a funeral. Mrs. Spence said she couldn't understand it—the invitation—and she thought it very rude of Mrs. Cloudsley, who had never yet asked her and her husband to anything but tennis and tea. She added irrelevantly that Stella hadn't a penny in the world, and there was no hope of getting her married—"You can see for yourselves how plain she is, though I grant you she's well educated and intelligent; but what's the use of that out here?"—and she branched off into complaints concerning the difficulty of making eight annas do the work of a rupee when one had children, and a sister-in-law to support . . .

All the same, Mrs. Spence felt annoyed at the attitude of her audience. The civil surgeon's wife suggested that no doubt Mrs. Cloudsley wanted a foil; and then the wife of the canal engineer said perhaps the invitation was prompted by pity; and then Mrs. Clapp, whose husband was only in Salt, expounded her theory—that Stella had been commandeered as a "gooseberry": probably

Mrs. Cloudsley had some dangerous admirer in tow, and meant to pair him off with an unattractive female in order to hoodwink the Magistrate!

And how the evil-minded Mrs. Clapp would have chuckled could she have overheard the conversation between Mrs. Cloudsley and the Magistrate on the opening day of the Christmas camp.

"I don't think you'll like Major Tryng, Edward. I can't say I like him much myself; but when I met him, while I was away last month on that visit, he confided to me that he wanted a wife,

and implored me to find him one. I thought of Stella Spence—such a good girl, though not pretty. It would be a splendid thing for her. Major Tryng is just the sort of man who wouldn't mind a plain wife. It will be rather a bother for me, chaperoning them and making up the match; but I'd like to do Stella a good turn—she has such a horrible time with those poverty-stricken relations."

Edward laughed, and wished his kind wife success; but when he had seen Major Tryng he told her the fellow didn't look to him quite the sort that would choose a plain woman to marry; however, there was no knowing—it might be convenient . . .

"What a brute you are, Edward," said Mrs. Cloudsley.

Later in the day, when the guests had been shown their quarters and were settling into their tents, Mrs. Clapp would have chuckled again could she have been a fly on the tree in the mango grove beneath which Mrs. Cloudsley and Major Tryng were seated.

"Do you see what I mean?" the little lady inquired of her companion. "You must pretend to be frightfully fetched with Miss Spence."

"All right—which was Miss Spence?"

"The ugly girl with a wide mouth and green eyes. I introduced you to her when everybody was arriving. I am supposed to be matchmaking."

"What am I to do? Squeeze her large hands, and look unutterable nothings into her green eyes? Am I obliged to kiss her wide mouth?"

"Don't be so silly—of course not! Only sit by her in public

and try to talk, and let the others think—particularly Edward—that you are paying her attention."

Major Tryng agreed to obey orders; then, after a careful glance round . . .

Next day the whole party went out on elephants for a shoot, all in good spirits, enjoying the clear, cold-weather air and the brilliant sunshine. Major Tryng and Mrs. Cloudsley were on the same elephant, and Miss Spence was with them. While her two elders conversed in low tones the girl was absorbed in the new sights she saw—the marvels of the jungle, the birds, the creatures that scudded from beneath the elephant's feet, little hog-deer, furtive jackals, an old boar that caused the elephant to smite the ground with his trunk and use bad language, once an enormous

[Continued overleaf.]



A CHIC AND CLEVER COMÉDIENNE AND HER HUSBAND:  
MISS MAISIE SCOTT.

The ten years which Miss Maisie Scott has spent upon the stage have been successful from the day of her début at Hammersmith Palace, in 1906. She has appeared in many variety theatres throughout the kingdom, and always with success. Miss Scott is the owner of the historic Magna Charta Island, at Runnymede, near Staines, wherein are a number of interesting little mementos, of the signing of the great Charter. Miss Scott's husband, Mr. John F. MacGregor, and her five brothers are all in the Army.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]



RECRUITING HIS HEALTH.



THE MEDICAL BOARD.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

snake. . . . When they halted for luncheon, Major Tryng sat between Mrs. Cloudsley and Miss Spence; he obeyed orders implicitly, talked hard to Miss Spence, and they both laughed a great deal. It struck Mrs. Cloudsley with a sense of vexation that somehow Stella Spence was not so plain, after all! The girl had a very white skin, and quantities of wavy red hair, good teeth, and a graceful figure; she had "style," or whatever was the definition of the curious something that could compensate for the most irregular features.

At dinner that night Mrs. Cloudsley had placed Major Tryng and Miss Spence together, opposite to herself, so that he should not feel he was banished too far from her presence; but young Nixon had somehow contrived to sit the other side of Miss Spence, though it was not the place intended for him; and the tiresome girl talked the whole time to the youth, so that Major Tryng could not "obey orders," and showed temper for the rest of the evening. Edward, too, was exasperating next day; he arranged, without consulting his wife, that Major Tryng and Miss Spence should go off on the same elephant, and Mrs. Cloudsley was forced to endure the company of young Nixon and one of the least interesting of the camp guests. Young Nixon kept talking about Miss Spence, and missed shot after shot because he was continually gazing at her white umbrella in the distance. Major Tryng, in Miss Spence's company, made the biggest bag of the day, and his spirits were boisterous when they all got back to the camp.

That night after dinner somebody produced a banjo, and Miss Spence sang seductive little coon songs in a high, sweet voice that enchanted the company; she made quite an attractive picture, too, in the lamplight, with the banjo on her knee, and her wealth of red hair, her slim form, and long, white neck. Mrs. Cloudsley could have boxed the girl's little pink ears—another of her unexpected good points.

Mrs. Cloudsley wished she had never invited Stella to the camp, and as the days went by she felt enraged with everybody, Edward included, who was more than aggravating, always arranging that the girl should go on the same elephant with himself and Major Tryng and Mr. Nixon—his howdah held four quite comfortably. It was only on the last day of the gathering that she contrived to circumvent Edward and Stella Spence, so that she had Major Tryng's company to herself, and she told him plainly what she thought of the young woman! Actually, Major Tryng only laughed, though rather guiltily, and said that at any rate she was damned good company; and it took him the rest of the day to make peace with his fair hostess—even then Mrs. Cloudsley didn't feel sure . . .

When they got home she retired to bed with a headache. She said it was the sun; as a matter of fact, it was temper and jealousy, but the result was equally upsetting. She lay feeling neglected and forlorn, her pride injured, her vanity hurt, and she wept when she caught the sound of gay laughter from the dining-tent; later came the tinkle of the banjo, and Stella Spence's voice upraised in song,

followed by loud applause. She would not eat the food brought in by her ayah on a tray, tempting and well cooked though it was; she only drank some champagne, which made her feel ever so much worse. Presently she heard the whole party come out of the tent laughing and chattering, and somebody shouted for wraps—they must be going for a walk in the moonlight! What a crazy proceeding—suggested, no doubt, by that devil of a girl who had demoralised them all.

She expected that Edward would come to see how she was; but no—and the voices grew faint in the distance. Mrs. Cloudsley rose and peered out of her tent. Though the moon was bright, a haze hung in the air, and the group of receding figures was blurred. Then she noticed that two of the figures lagged behind the rest; this couple halted, turned back, and finally disappeared in the shadow of the mango-trees beneath which the camp was pitched—the same trees that had sheltered herself and Major Tryng on the opening day of his visit. What ages ago that day seemed! And,

as far as she was concerned, the whole gathering had been a failure, owing entirely to that dreadful girl. She felt convinced it was Stella Spence and Major Tryng who had disappeared into the darkness of the grove. Without pausing to think, she put on some clothes and slipped out of the tent. Stealthily she threaded her way through the trees. There they were standing beneath the very tree! And the man's hand was on the girl's shoulder; he was speaking earnestly in low tones: she could not catch the words, but she knew what he was saying—she *knew*!

With a little noiseless run she was upon them—and found herself face to face with Stella Spence and Edward—Edward!

She heard her own voice, but what she cried out she could not have told, for the ground seemed to rise and whirl about her head, and she knew nothing more till she came to herself on her bed, and saw Edward by her side; he was propping her up with his arm, holding a glass to her lips. She tried to push him away.

"You!" she gasped in feeble fury. "You! I couldn't have believed it—I will never forgive you!"

"My darling girl," he protested, "what on earth is the matter?"

She burst into tears; her head was so bad, she felt so utterly wretched, her self-control was all gone.

"I thought it was Major Tryng," she sobbed foolishly; and at the same moment she became sharply, painfully aware that she only wished it had been Major Tryng, and not Edward!

"But I thought you wanted him to marry Miss Spence?" said Edward, mystified.

"I don't care who the little beast marries, but I won't—I won't have you making love to her as well!"

Edward laughed, and exclaimed "Good heavens, child, are you mad?"

"What were you doing with Miss Spence under the trees?" she demanded shrilly.

He paused for a moment, looking into her tear-stained eyes. Then he took her hands firmly in his.

"Tell me," he said gravely, "would you have minded so much if I had been making love to her, or anyone else?"

"But weren't you—weren't you?" she persisted.

"Now listen, and don't be a goose. Miss Spence was asking my advice. She's a clever, amusing girl—a young minx, if you want my private opinion—and she hasn't much of a time with her relations, besides feeling she's a burden to them. Now both those men, young Nixon and that Tryng fellow, have proposed to her, and, though she says she doesn't care particularly for either of them, she means to marry one or the other—the question was which? I told her if she married young Nixon I should feel sorry for *him*; and that if she married Tryng I should feel sorry for *her*. And just at that minute you rushed up—"

Mrs. Cloudsley squirmed. "Yes, yes; I know—I—I made a fool of myself." Then she added quickly, "But supposing it had been *me* with Major Tryng under the trees, what would you have done?"

"I should have knocked him down and sent you home to your people," said Edward grimly.

She threw her arms round her husband's neck. "You don't love your work better than me, do you, Edward?"

"No, dearest, I don't; and you know it as well as I do."

Afterwards, when the Magistrate and his wife returned to the Station, and Stella Spence's engagement to young Nixon was announced, Mrs. Clapp was heard to remark in the ladies' room of the club that evidently they had all been mistaken about Mrs. Cloudsley; clearly, she had only invited Stella to the camp out of kindness of heart, and there was no doubt she was *much* more devoted to her husband than any of them had suspected!

If Mrs. Clapp could only have known that she shared this discovery with Mrs. Cloudsley!

THE END.



AWARDED THE C.B.E.: MRS. WILLIAM LUTLEY SCLATER.

Mrs. Lutley Sclater has been awarded the C.B.E. for her energetic work on behalf of Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund, and also holds the Royal Red Cross. Her husband is the well-known zoologist, son of the late Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, and she has made many adventurous journeys with him in South Africa, on foot.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER: THE BARONESS GRAEVENITZ.

The Baroness Graevenitz is the wife of Baron Graevenitz, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Russian Army, and A.D.C. to the Russian Plenipotentiary in London, General Dessino. Their house near Peterhof was ransacked during the Revolution. The Baroness is an energetic worker at Devonshire House.—[Photograph by Ethel Cave.]

of the mango-trees beneath which the camp was pitched—the same trees that had sheltered herself and Major Tryng on the opening day of his visit. What ages ago that day seemed! And,





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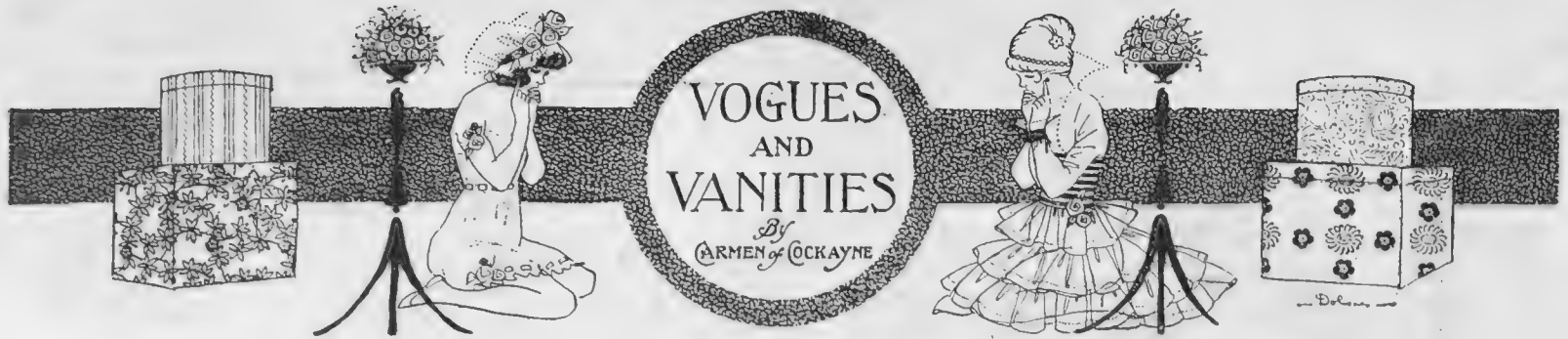
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### Everybody's Doing It.

Women, it was announced the other day, are going to economise on dress. But, though it was told as a discovery, there is nothing particularly new about the fact. Ask any woman, and she will tell you that women have been economising on dress all along. That does not mean, of course, that women have not been buying new clothes. Frocks will wear out, even in war-time, and deliberately to replace a time-expired warrior by a *démodé* one just for the pleasure of creating a wrong impression would be on a par with the action of the noble lady who is said to have ordered new gowns in pairs, to escape the reproach of being extravagant, and just because she loved to wear something brand-new. Most women, however, have found a more satisfactory as well as a more patriotic way of solving the dress problem. They have bought clothes—one dress, or two or three, just when they have really required them—with an eye to their useful as well as beautiful qualities. If the critics had had their way, dress rations would have been in long ago, with results on the national outlook that are positively appalling to contemplate. Dress is a wonderful tonic for jaded spirits, especially feminine ones. Even the masculine mind isn't above being influenced by it. The superior beings who profess to be indifferent are the first to protest if their womenfolk make themselves sartorially conspicuous.

### A Decorative Suggestion.

In a properly managed world some far-sighted person would have founded an honour for the especial benefit of women who had mastered the art of war-time dressing. Why shouldn't there be a new Order for British economists? Perhaps, though, it will be said that virtue is its own reward, and that to add decoration to the already decorative would be adding perfume to the violet.

### An Awful Thought.

Meantime, there are horrid rumours of "standardisation" in the air. Dress is not specifically mentioned, but boots are to come under the ban, and who knows that a dress controller won't next be installed in one of the few remaining hotels? All the more reason, therefore, for making hay while the sun shines—or rather, looking nice so long as pretty clothes last—and it's really a quite easy and not too expensive business if one enlists the help of Shoolbred's, in Tottenham Court Road, where, besides frocks and frills of every kind and colour, one can always find any number of decorative trifles and et-ceteras that help to make an old frock look like a new one.

### Aids to War-Time Smartness.

The secret of its success lies in the loop braiding at the edge.

pelerine, for one, with the muff to match. Between them they put in quite a lot of useful work of the giving-new-life-to-an-old-friend description, and are capable of doing it for an indefinite number of

years, for there's nothing like skunk for resisting the ravages of time, and even the most zealous controller couldn't defend the commandeering and scrapping of existing wardrobes from the point of view of national economy. The high collar is of skunk too, and meant for use on the rare occasions when the possessor of a pretty neck prefers to leave its full charms to the imagination, in order that she may be really comfortable.

### The Little More.

The hand-bags and collars are simply other instances of things that help women to keep the balance between looking like nobody or just like everyone else. It's all very well to talk of fashion; but in a certain sense fashion, as someone once remarked, was made for fools. The really well-dressed woman is she who impresses the stamp of her individuality on everything that she wears, and not the one who suggests a living advertisement for the "latest thing." On second thoughts, though, it hardly seems as if a dress-controller, unless he was totally different from all the other controllers, would ever be really able to make a success of his job, more especially if, as in other cases, he had to start by engaging a large feminine staff. It's difficult, isn't it, to imagine Eve signing away all her interest in frocks? Even if, greatly daring, he decreed for constancy in fashion as well as standard materials, woman's wit would find a way out of the difficulty.

### Beauty and Utility.

What better proof, for instance, of her ability to turn an unpromising subject to attractive account could be found than the numerous working "kits" for women that the war has called into being? A visit to the house in Tottenham Court Road will very soon convince the sceptical that even the most practical overall may, under certain circumstances, be invested with a subtle air of *chic*. It is partly a matter of colour. A rose-tinted garment of strong robe cloth, for instance, or a blue, or a green, or a heliotrope one, relieved with a touch of smocking at the base of the yoke, is infinitely more attractive than a

drab-tinted affair of the same material, though perfect cutting, well-shaped pockets, and a generally trim appearance go a long way towards making up for the lack of variety in tone. Land work, too, becomes less irksome if one can do it in suits of becoming mole-coloured corduroy, with a smart Norfolk-jacket or a tunic cut on the most approved lines. Eve has given much—time, trouble, pleasure, and not seldom all that makes life worth living—cheerfully, as well as willingly in the cause of national necessity. It would be too bad to ask her to sacrifice her personal appearance as well; for, after all, is it not every woman's duty to look her best, and thus make the world less drab and dreary in war-time?



Even the advent of the pocket cannot kill the handbag whose black satin surface is adorned with jet and steel beads.



Though a dress may not have a collar, there's no objection to a separate neck-wrap of skunk.



If the bag is black moiré, the initial should be diamonds.



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*'To CURE—is the Voice of the Past.  
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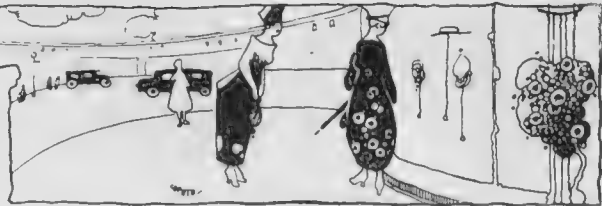
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**Really Dinky.** If you want to see just the smartest and most up-to-date of "undies," Mme. Venn's charming salons at 14, Conduit Street is where you will find them. Think of the charm of a little chemmie and continuation in softest crêpe-de-Chine, with ribbons the colours of the R.F.C., and the badge on one side, with the regimental badge from which the lady's hubby has been attached on the other; or, if he is a Flying officer wholly, then two winged badges—one on either side. A pale-blue, soft silk cache-corset, trimmed daintily with Valenciennes lace, has a Naval crown in dark-blue embroidered in front—quite correct for the wife of a Naval man. A lovely material being largely used by Mme. Venn is Milanesette, which is British and the war substitute for Milanese. English Schapp-crêpe is another British-made fabric, used for this purpose with dainty and delightful effect.

**Apricot with Black Butterflies.** Apart from the military badges on these dinky undies—and those of any regiment can be supplied—there are garters of silk elastic of regimental colours, finished with rosettes, and, if desired, with metal badges. Then there are fascinating little sets in white silk with lace edging and little black spots; or a bolder colour combination, such as apricot with black butterflies embroidered on them; or white,

with deep - yellow spots and edging. These are finding considerable favour. Of course, there are most beautiful fine nighties in lawn, batiste, and finest linen, embroidered and lace - inserted. These are, however, very expensive for war-time wear. Scarfs in crêpe - de - Chine, edged with another colour embodying those of a regiment, corps, or ship, finished with long silken tassels, are fascinating. Indeed, everything that Mme. Venn has is that.

**Quiet, but Very Pretty.** It was quite a quiet wedding,

and such a pretty one—I have never seen prettier bridesmaids' dresses. The bride was very pretty; she is the eldest daughter of Captain and Lady Maud Ramsden, and she married Mr. Roland Thomas Nugent, of Purtaferry, County Down. The bridesmaids were the bride's two younger sisters and her cousin—all young girls, and all pretty. Their dresses were of draped apricot georgette over charmeuse. Bright emerald-green shoes

**THE CHIC OF THE NEW CAPE COAT.**  
One of the new cape coats, made of mole-coloured cloth, stitched with royal-blue wool.

and stockings were worn, and green-and-gold tissue caps and veils, which were most effective. They carried bouquets of chrysanthemums in rich autumn colours, and wore amber necklets—the bridegroom's presents to them. The bride's own attire was white and silver and lovely old lace. Mr. Nugent is in the Foreign Office, and they went off to Ireland for the honeymoon at Purtaferry House, County Down, his father's place, which is a lovely one on Strangford Lough.

**Something Smart for Somebody Dear.**

Purchase by post by men at the front is now very usual. The better way is, of course, to write to a friend to execute commissions, but there is not always a friend available to whom it is desirable to say for whom the purchase is. I was talking to the head of the dress department in Debenham and Freebody's the other day about this. She told me that some of the officers were quite her good friends now; they wrote and gave their orders, "and," said she, "we just love to do our very best for them—out there fighting for us, and wanting something smart for somebody dear." The fighting men don't have much chance of spending money. They are too busy to get to Paris, and there are no shops available near them, so they see something they like in *The Sketch* and send home for it, giving the most delightful of thrills to the recipients, many of whom declare they could not shop so successfully for themselves.

**Mourning for Their Locks.** I think hairdressers will have a good time soon, for many women of my acquaintance are mourning for their locks, which they say are falling out in handfuls. This being so, additional hair, as we call it, will be a necessity—no longer a luxury. Whether it is the strain of the war or the more strenuous life, women do really seem to be losing their hair, albeit keeping their heads, as all accounts of their behaviour when the gentle Huns are raining down death and destruction testify. There is balm in Gilead—otherwise, hair at hand, and at quite affordable prices too. It is more difficult to get now, like so many things; but I understand that there were big stocks in hand when war broke out, and the British hairdressers were smart enough to keep themselves all right. They make up the most dainty and guileless toupées and curls, and all sorts of things to cover the shortage of the home crop, and really outdo Nature in becomingness.

**Ruling Passion Strong in Raids.**

It seemed fairly difficult, judging from conversations overheard at clubs, for some women to fit in their afternoon bridge with the raid time-table. At the end of the week it became a little easier. No one seemed at all afraid, yet the experiences were very terrifying. People went out to dine, and out to the play and the opera, and nowhere was there sign of fright—to say nothing of panic. One woman told me she had put on an extra touch of rouge, in case she should look ghastly—the ruling passion strong in raids! Another put on strong shoes, going out to dine at a smart restaurant, in case she should have to walk home. A lady who all but fainted at a theatre was disapproved of by her braver sisters; when, however, a louder detonation than any before was heard, and she exclaimed "Ach, mein Gott!" she was even more disapproved of, but her behaviour was thought more easily comprehensible.



**AN AUTUMN WALKING-DRESS.**  
This blue-velvet dress is greatly enhanced by its trimming of new Chinese embroidery.





**Have you  
ever noticed**

that boots and shoes on which Meltonian has been used have a lustre all their own? It imparts a rich, deep, brilliant blackness to the footwear, preserves it from cracking, and lengthens the life of the leather.

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Chin**



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**6d. & 1/- of all Chemists.**

## Gibbs's COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

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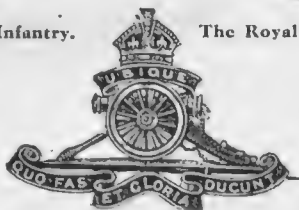


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Regiment in stock.  
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## WOMAN'S WAYS

The Light Years  
Are Over.

The years just before the war had an amazing resemblance to a period of Carnival. The upper classes were feverish, restless, continually on the move. Their one real pleasure was speed; silly, vain, exaggerated things amused them; nearly all persons posed furiously. It was as if they all wore motley and carried a grinning mask to hide their real selves. London society curiously resembled the fancy balls at the Albert Hall, which were a kind of mirror of the Time. But their real selves emerged in August 1914. It was then that the upper and middle class discovered that it was much more fun to fight or to work than to fool and to play, and that motley is the most tiresome and least becoming of all costumes. The soldiers found no need for a mask—except, to be sure, a gas-mask. It was more simple and seemly to show the Boche their natural, grim, and determined visages.

People Who Live  
in Their Boxes.

One singular result of the four-years' war is that few people seem to be now living in their lawful homes, but are quite resigned to a migratory life—a life which involves "living in their boxes." We are all more or less like St. Francis nowadays—in that we have no worldly possessions. Yet everybody has his own idea as to what is essential to comfort or happiness, and these objects they will not be parted from. One person travels about with a luxurious down pillow and fine linen pillow-cases; a second cannot move without a collection of silver frames containing photographs of the family—fighting sons, brothers, husbands, or sweethearts; others will take a load of books from one hotel to another—a proceeding which is not viewed with favour by the railway authorities; while I have heard of pernickety elderly ladies who travel with their own sheets and blankets. It is clear that we shall speedily learn gloriously vagrant habits, which will with difficulty be shaken off. Living in

herds, we shall unconsciously acquire the herd instinct—which is, I understand, according to our modern philosophers, a low form of mentality. All this points to the fact that numerous light-minded people will never settle down again to paying taxes in Bayswater. Indeed, fore-sighted folk, who do not like the prospect of England after the war, are already discussing the possibilities of life in a South Sea Island, where shoe-leather is not a necessity, a banana supports life, and a quite adequate and modish costume consists of a white cotton robe and a wreath of crimson flowers.

A Little Difficulty  
with France.

I am involved in a difficulty with our glorious Ally, France. Somewhere I said in my haste that "Les Sources Vives," by that distinguished French novelist M. Paul Margueritte, was not a good novel, worthy of the heroic times in which we live. It appears that the author himself agrees with the first part of the criticism,

JUST RETURNED FROM RUSSIA:  
MISS CLARE MURPHY.

Miss Murphy, who is the daughter of the late Mr. T. F. Murphy, and of Mrs. Murphy, late of Stafford, has just returned from Russia. She drove an ambulance through the Roumanian retreat, and was at the Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd during the Revolution. Previously she was nursing at Mrs. Arthur Dugdale's Hospital, in Derbyshire, and with the American Ambulance in Paris. — [Photograph by Yevonde.]

for he writes to tell me so himself. But as to the times—why, who can ever even guess at the date of a French book, which is as coyly concealed as a grass-widow's age? The story, he tells me, was written in 1913, and does not, therefore, belong to the heroic years. Moreover, M. Margueritte, who with his brother has written such stirring and poignant books about 1870, has already published two stories about the present war—namely, "L'Embusqué" and "L'Autre Lumière"—both of which will be eagerly read in England. We cannot hear too much about the French point of view.

That Blessed  
Word "Minority  
Report."

It is typical of the modern English that we always pay more attention to the Minority Report of a Royal Commission than to the opinion of the majority. Young people, especially, strive to impose on each other by flourishing these printed opinions in conversation. It is at once *chic* and highly intelligent to disagree with the greater number on any subject; and it is not without significance that the highly portentous Report on "Labour Unrest" has been nearly as popular reading in country houses this autumn as any favourite shilling shocker. The Report costs but a penny or so, and is quite as alarming.—ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP

Society on  
the Stage.

The fashion of going on the stage seems to be spreading in "Society," the latest recruit being Lady Susan FitzClarence, the widow of Captain Augustus Arthur FitzClarence, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), who was killed in action in 1915. Lady Susan has made her professional debut in Australia, and is a friend of Mme. Melba.



A BRIDE OF THIS WEEK:  
MISS MYRTLE DERING (MRS.  
DOUGLAS SPEED).

We have pleasure in giving a new portrait of Miss Myrtle Dering, whose marriage to Captain Douglas Speed takes place on Oct. 4. The wedding is to be celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

She has a beautiful voice, and has often made a success in private theatricals. Lady Susan was, before her marriage, Lady Susan Yorke, the only sister of the Earl of Hardwicke, and was born in 1881. If she decides to be seen upon the London stage she will, without doubt, receive a warm welcome—not only for her fine voice and acting talent, but also as the widow of a gallant officer.

Not to be Killed  
by Kindness.

Brighton is, not so full that it cannot receive, and welcome, any more visitors; and the loose talk about aliens in shoals may be dismissed, lest it do harm to one of the most popular and pleasant holiday and week-end resorts in the country. The inimitable "G.A.S." lived there in the years before his death, and was enthusiastic about the place and its romantic history, its storied Pavilion, and its fascinating legends of frolics of the Regency. To-day, the Oriental pleasure palace of George IV. is devoted to the care of wounded soldiers; but the fine air and the holiday sense remain to Brighton, and its season must not be killed by silly reports, even if they may be "kindly meant."

A Laughing  
General.

It is the surest sign of real, downright popularity when a man in an important position is spoken of by the affectionate familiarity of his Christian name. Such is the lot of Major-General "Tom" Bridges, D.S.O., who has been badly wounded and has had to have one of his legs amputated below the knee. He is the hero of that remarkable incident of rallying a couple of hundred weary soldiers and getting them, despite exhaustion, to march to the humble but inspiring sound of a "band" comprising a toy drum and a penny whistle bought in a French village. But "Tom" was leading them, and they could not resist the spell of this plucky, big-hearted Irish officer.

A Privilege  
Abused.

While the raid season is "on," the Tube with its long platforms is a very welcome refuge for the nervous. But there are those who forget that it is a privilege granted for a special purpose. The Tube is not intended for a kind of free camping-ground, and if it is abused it is a privilege which may be found wanting when it is particularly desirable. It will be the fault of the campers if in the hour of need they find their underground city of refuge closed to them.



THE LITTLE SON OF "MISS VIOLA TREE":  
MASTER PARSONS.

The sturdy little boy of whom we give a pretty portrait-study is the son of Mrs. Alan Parsons. His mother was, before her marriage, Miss Viola Tree, a daughter of the famous actor, the late Sir Herbert Tree. — [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



# SING ACCOMPANIED *by* "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RECORDS



THESE ACCOMPANIMENT RECORDS to a large extent supersede the pianoforte. They play in perfect time every time. Your 'Record' accompanist is always there whenever you wish to practice. It is the modern way of learning to sing. They are inspiring to sing to. To those singers, and there are many of them, who find it difficult to find anybody to play their accompaniments, they are proving a great boon.

We give herewith a list of the new records of songs which we have just published. They have been carefully selected because of their universal popularity with amateur and professional singers. All the records are of that supreme quality which is the distinguishing characteristic of 'His Master's Voice,' and in several instances the accompaniment has been played by the actual composer of the particular song.

Ask your dealer for a copy of the new list of Accompaniment Records. He will play any Record you ask him to.

## NEW PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT RECORDS.

### 12-inch double-sided records 5/-

C. 795 ALL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY—in A flat, for Soprano or Tenor ... (Clay)  
Published by Chappell & Co. Ltd.  
WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED—in A flat, for Soprano or Tenor ... (Lohr)  
Published by Chappell & Co. Ltd.

C. 796 O LOVELY NIGHT—in D flat, for Soprano or Tenor (Landon Ronald)  
Published by Enoch & Sons  
ANY PLACE IS HEAVEN IF YOU ARE NEAR ME—in E flat, for Soprano or Tenor ... (H. Lohr)  
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B. 821 WAIT—in G, for Soprano or Tenor (Guy d'Hardelot)  
Published by Chappell & Co. Ltd.  
THE GREEN HILLS O' SOMERSET—in E flat, for Soprano or Tenor ... (Eric Coates)  
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C. 797 SOLVEIG'S SONG ("PEER GYNT")—in A Minor, for Soprano... (Grieg)  
SHE WANDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE—in E flat, for Soprano or Tenor ... (Clay)  
Published by Boosey & Co.

### 10-inch double-sided record 3/-

B. 822 STILL AS THE NIGHT—in D flat, for Soprano ... (Bohm)  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT (Old Welsh Song)—in B flat, for Soprano.

### 12-inch double-sided record 5/-

C. 798 O LOVELY NIGHT—in B flat, for Contralto or Baritone ... (Landon Ronald)  
Published by Enoch & Sons. Ronald  
DADDY—in F, for Contralto or Baritone ... (Beh end)  
Published by Boosey & Co.

### 10-inch double-sided record 3/-

B. 823 THE GREEN HILLS O' SOMERSET—in C, for Contralto or Baritone ... (Eric Coates)  
Published by Chappell & Co. Ltd.  
WAIT—in E flat, for Contralto or Baritone ... (Guy d'Hardelot)  
Published by Chappell & Co. Ltd.

### SIR EDWARD ELGAR, O.M.

In keeping with our policy of recording all that is best in British Music, we have great pleasure in drawing your attention to two new Sir Edward Elgar records, Violin Concerto Op. 61, played by Marie Hall, and also "Fringes of the Fleet," sung by Charles Mott both of which are accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Edward Elgar.

### 10-inch double-sided records 3/-

B. 824 STILL AS THE NIGHT—in B flat, for Contralto ... (Bohm)  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT (Old Welsh Song)—in G Major, for Contralto.

B. 825 FATHER O'FLYNN—in A flat, for Baritone or Bass... (arr. by Chas. V. Stanford)  
Published by Boosey & Co.  
HO! J. L. YENKIN ("IVANHOE")—in D, for Baritone or Bass (Sullivan)  
Published by Chappell & Co. Ltd.



If you have any difficulty in obtaining these Records, write direct to  
THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX.



### FEW PRIVATE DRIVERS NEEDED: C.A.V. STARTERS: A SOOT "BOMB": THE GROWTH OF AVIATION.

#### The Market for Drivers.

For two or three years past a special committee has been at work at the Royal Automobile Club in the interests of discharged soldiers and sailors who were connected with the motor industry before the war. Large numbers of these have been provided with employment by means of the committee's register and personal efforts. The withdrawal of private petrol licences, however, has now caused a great decrease in the demand for skilled men for private service, and at the same time the number on the register is constantly increasing. The few employers still able to use their own cars can do so only to a limited extent, and cannot, therefore, engage a man solely as a driver; it is thus found that they can offer only places in which the applicant is willing to undertake odd work in addition to occasional driving. As trained men, however, the drivers are loath to take on unskilled employment, and an impasse has been created accordingly. The committee states that most of the openings now available are for men who are ready to undertake commercial work, or willing to operate agricultural tractors; but a hint is proffered to employers that such men, with a good repairing experience, or with workshop training, can obtain jobs without the slightest difficulty, and that it is therefore useless to expect them to accept wages at pre-war levels.

#### New Electric Starters.

Wonderful progress has been made in recent years at the well-known works of C. A. Vandervell and Co., in London, and the value of their war work has been in every way remarkable, not merely in productiveness, but in the realm of invention also. Though it may not be particularised here, one recent appliance which has been evolved by them has already proved of great service to the Army, and is destined to increase its sphere of utility in the near future. Meanwhile, the firm has been perfecting its leading specialty, the famous C.A.V. self-starter, and has now produced, as the result of two

engines of the most powerful types of car, and can also be applied to marine engines up to 150 h.p. In all the new models, the pulley method of contact with the fly-wheel has been discarded in favour of pinion-gearing, giving greater certainty of action, while the apparatus, as a whole, has been lightened and otherwise improved. Specially interesting to note is the fact that the C.A.V. self-starter is now being used to an extended degree in air machines.

#### Mimic Warfare.

Our air pilots on home service, or in training, are keenness itself in the way of qualifying themselves for aerial combats with the Hun, whether they are destined to meet him at the front itself or when he is engaged in a raid in force on London or the coast. Hence they practise mimic warfare among themselves, either according to a definite scheme, or in impromptu fashion, as opportunity may arise. And in the latter connection, an amusing story may be told of a recent aerial "scrap" which occurred in a region which shall be nameless, but is a hive of aerial activity. A seaplane pilot provided himself with two bags of soot, and then set off on a "raid" on his own account. When he was directly over an aerodrome of land machines, he dropped his bags, and one of them fell plumb into the officers' mess. Out swarmed the land pilots, thirsting for the "raider's" blood, and up they went on fast machines, and were soon all round and over him. They gave him the time of his life, looping-the-loop over his machine, worrying him with their back-wash, and generally making things as unpleasant as possible. The mock fight showed in striking fashion how completely the pilot of a relatively slow machine is at the mercy of faster 'planes attacking in force; none the less, the "raider" put up a game struggle, himself "looping" and diving, and keeping up the mimic warfare to such good effect that, before he was theoretically put out of action, he had "brought down" two of the attacking machines. But he won't be in any hurry to drop bags of soot a second time!



THE WOMEN MUNITIONERS' MOTOR-CYCLE OBSTACLE-RACE AT COVENTRY SPORTS: A COMPETITOR (MISS CLAYTON) NEGOTIATING ONE OF THE OBSTACLES.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



WOMEN RAILWAY POLICE ON DUTY AT LIVERPOOL STREET: AN A.S.C. DRIVER HANDING A POLICEMAN HIS PASS ON LEAVING THE STATION.

Photograph by C.N.

years' severe tests, a new type of engine-starter, which has been standardised in three models accordingly. One is designed for small cars, with engines up to 16 h.p.; the second is for motors up to 40 h.p.; while the third and largest of the series will start the

#### The World's Aircraft.

In the way of rapid development, history has never witnessed anything more remarkable than the growth of aviation since the war began. The varieties in type that have been evolved in every country directly or indirectly concerned with the war have been astounding, while the output, of course, has been colossal. In the nature of things, however, there has been no means of recording progress, stage by stage, for the simple reason that publication must be withheld of any information that would be of service to the enemy. None the less, every army is bound to capture the machines of its opponents from time to time, and thus we learn much about the newest German types; while in a round-about-way the public may also learn about our own war-time products, for the German papers publish descriptions of all the new types of machine that fall within their lines, and obviously there is then no manner of harm in reproducing the details at home. It is thus made possible to include an appreciable amount of up-to-date material in an annual such as *All the World's Aircraft* (Sampson Low), which has now attained its eighth year of issue, and is packed from cover to cover with facts and illustrations of the highest interest.



## Smaller Profits

Although the price is higher than it used to be "Skippers" are sold on a smaller margin of profit than ever before. The increased cost of "Skippers" is entirely due to the additional charges caused by the war.

It must never be forgotten that in relation to other foods "Skippers" are still in proportion to their nutritive value one of the cheapest forms of food that can be purchased—this because they are *all* food, there being no waste in the can.

While so many other foods have lately deteriorated, "Skippers" still maintain that wonderful quality and delicious flavour which have gained for them the largest sale of any brand of similar goods in the whole world.

# "Skippers"

ANGUS WATSON & CO.,  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Keep smiling!  
There's always  
'Skippers.'



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## CIRCUS

### VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

PICCADILLY CIRCUS has, in the past, meant only one thing—the most famous "street-crossing" in the world.

In future, it will mean two things—the Circus itself, and the **hand-made** "PICCADILLY Circus" Virginia Cigarette.

Leaf by leaf, the most perfect of the nature-matured Old Belt and Eastern Carolina Tobacco is selected, straightened and carefully cut by experts.

Hand-workers of exceptional skill are exclusively employed in making these Cigarettes.

Every detail has been so attentively provided for, that only one result was possible—the "PICCADILLY Circus" Cigarette is the best Virginia Cigarette that ever has been, or ever can be, offered to smokers at a moderate price.

# 25 for 1/7

To be obtained of all high-class Tobacconists.  
ALEXANDER BOGUSLAVSKY, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, LONDON, W. 1.

## THE PERFECT SHIRT FOR LADIES.

# CELES

TAILORED SHIRTS

THESE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL TAILORED SHIRTS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ALL THE BEST DRAPERY HOUSES IN LONDON AND THE COUNTRY.

CELES IS A PURE SILK CREPE IN A VARIETY OF TASTEFUL STRIPES, CHECKS, AND PLAIN COLOURS, MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN FROM THE RAW SILK.

CELES NEEDS NO SPECIAL CARE IN WASHING, BUT GOOD SOAP SHOULD BE USED.

CELES IS SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR ITS SPLENDID WEAR AND THE CONTINUED FRESHNESS OF APPEARANCE AFTER REPEATED WASHINGS.

CELES WEARERS NEED NO WARNING AGAINST IMITATIONS. THE REGISTERED MARK IS IN EVERY GARMENT AND IS ITS GUARANTEE.

# CELES

REGD



Put one in your next parcel

Those at home often wonder what to send to relatives or friends on Active Service. The ideal gift is a Waterman's Ideal—the pen that makes them want to write.

## Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is strongly made and will withstand the rough wear of Active Service. Its supply of ink cannot evaporate or escape; it always writes at once, without blot or blur, and the reservoir holds sufficient ink to write thousands of words.

Styles specially recommended for Active Service, being extra strong and large:—  
No. 14 P.S.F. (Self-Filler), 20/-; No. 14 S (Safety), 20/-  
Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet free from—  
L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



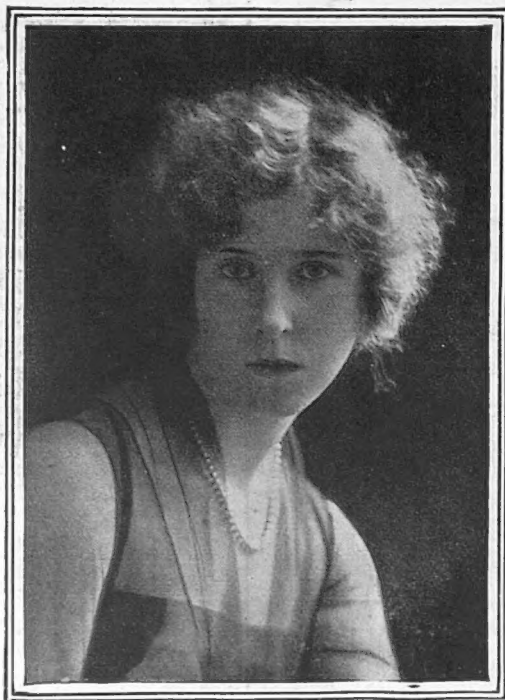
Food Economy is imperative to-day. Lea & Perrins' Sauce makes your rations more appetizing—and so saves waste.

# Lea & Perrins



# ALL ABOUT BOOKS.

"Ninety-Six Hours' Leave." And a sparkling refresher, too!—speaking as a reader, for the actors of Mr. Stephen McKenna's diverting drama, "Ninety-Six Hours' Leave" (Methuen), had already begun to sigh for the peace of a front-line trench before their leave had expired. Four officer-permissionnaires, each one of types, oh! the most *chic*, foregather for their first dinner at a Ritz-y hotel. But, ere a cab can drive them from Victoria Station, the youngest has spotted a frightfully lonely girl! Consequently, his own special stunt for such emergencies comes into action. It included a bracelet-watch and mufti morning-dress. This rig being impossible for dinner in so Ritz-y an hotel, the joke began that grew to desperate earnest, and involved all Scotland Yard, and the Foreign Office, before it closed. But the exhilarating strain of farce runs merrily through the worst moments; it emerges frank and mirthful when the real prince, with his trousers restored, invites everyone to dinner; and if the frightfully lonely Pat, waving good-bye on Victoria Station to her reckless Kitten hanging out of his carriage window, remains, like him, in farce rather than romance, they are neither of them the worse for that. "My Uncle George wouldn't like this or that," the Kitten would say when he felt in need of support, thus frankly claiming it from a Mrs. Harris of a relation; but any decent Uncle George couldn't help liking this: he would hasten to dower so diverting a nephew with all he possessed, barring three graceful legacies to the gallant companions. And how Mr. McKenna must have cheered up over it himself after the so-different Sonia!



A BRIDE-TO-BE: MISS G. ST. GEORGE.  
Miss St. George, of Coombe House, Kingston Hill, S.W., is engaged to marry Captain Derrick Gunston, of the Irish Guards.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

"Under the Hermes." What *would* you think of a bright young thing that suffered from a hopeless princely passion, and never once looked him up in Debrett? Yes! What *would* you think? Yet here is this red-haired, Liberty-green-smocked little art-student of the Museum cast-room; she is sick with love for the Hermes, sublime though legless; yet never once has she dropped the ridiculous scraps of bread and paper with which she defiled his image for a visit to the reading-room hard by, though there, the "Who's Who" of the Ancients offered to lay bare the very heart as well as the lineage of him. But no! She languishes in a dream of consuming ecstasy till happy chance brings Praxiteles, the sculptor, to her perilous easel; genial and gossipy, he chats to her of the cunning rogue who had been his model. A thief and a pickpocket, ready to steal a golden bracelet or a meal of garlic! Whichever came handy! And Cynthia of the bread-pellets and paper-stumps shuddered, gasped, and woke so completely cured that she accepted within ten minutes the 106th proposal of a male student whose easel was pitched by hers! Within the Museum court, among the grey stones and the grey pigeons, they sealed it, and thus brought to a happy conclusion Mr. Dehan's title-story of this collection, "Under the Hermes" (Heinemann). But, oh, Cynthia! never to have opened that most fascinating of the world's social guides, nor learned that your adored one had stolen when he was exactly one day old! Not a rattle, but stout oxen; and later, Neptune missed his trident, Venus her girdle, Mars his sword, Jupiter his sceptre, and Vulcan his mechanical instruments—all by the same light fingers. What a police record!

[Continued overleaf.]



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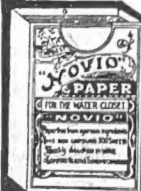
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"Just Outside." If without gloss the observation should fall that young Arthur in "Just Outside" (Methuen) is an outsider, will Mr. Aumonier feel offended? Without gloss, but not without a spurt of temper. Young Arthur has a way with him—a hundred ways with him—of getting into your heart, and it is sorry work to fetch up every now and then and kick him out. But, without reference to the famous penknife episode, that is what he asks for. He is also one of those heroes who walk painfully real through the first stages of their history, and wilt away into traditional fogs where no one any more believes in their existence. It is for all the world as if Mr. Aumonier clapped his hand on young Arthur's shoulder and said to you: "Here he is, and a very interesting chap too!" and then, even as he talked, Arthur's bodily form collapsed into the loose-strung figure of a marionette. Whose fault is it? Arthur's or his author's? Neither; the disappearance of Arthur as a man coincides with the appearance of an American chit called Alice (when she isn't called a wise or sweet child) who took him kite-flying in the Luxembourg Gardens. Worse than useless to work up a rage against Alice! She is thinner than air; she is a vacuum in which Arthur is disastrously cleared up. "Pa" Leffbury, a delightful creature who might have risen from the Guild Literature of the *New Age* like Venus from her ocean, seems to think that Alice may some day have a bilious attack or babies—either acquisition being



"CASH ON DELIVERY," AT THE PALACE; MISS ELLALINE TERRISS (MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS); AND HER DAUGHTER.

We give a new and pretty photograph of Miss Ellaline Terriss and her daughter, Miss Betty Hicks, taken at their home at Merstham, Surrey. Miss Terriss is appearing shortly in a new musical comedy, "Cash on Delivery," at the Palace Theatre. [Photograph by Compton Collier.]

fatal to Arthur's infatuation. I don't believe her capable of either; she is a chit born of Arthur's "sensitive nerve" before he finally stiffened into a marionette. But while Mr. Aumonier has a hand on his shoulder Arthur is very much worth while.

Interesting beyond the common in its subject, and skilful in its art qualities, "Generals of the British Army," Part I., is a welcome addition to war publications of lasting value. Mr. Francis Dodd, who has made his excellent colour-sketches of our Generals in France from the life, has shown both strength and delicacy of treatment; and the portraits of Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Herbert Plumer, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Hubert Gough, Sir Edmund Allenby, Sir Henry Horne, Sir William Birdwood (of the Anzac Corps), Sir Julian Byng, Sir Walter Congreve, Lieutenant-General Haldane, Lieutenant-General H. E. Watts, and Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Jan C. Smuts make up a notable first part, the more valuable inasmuch as they are accompanied by biographical notices and prefaced by an ably written and well-balanced Introduction reviewing briefly the course of the war. All who delight in the delicate manipulation which lends to some of the drawings much the aspect of silverpoints, will be equally pleased with the *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo* effect of these clever portraits. The work is published at 20, Tavistock Street, W.C.

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